FOOL

Would be a

FAVOURIT:

Or, the

DISCREET LOVER.

A Trage-Comedy.

Written by

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Drammatis Personæ.

Duke,	Of *Milaine*.
Agenor,	His son, in love with *Lucinda*.
Philanthus,	Friend to *Agenor*.
Adraſtus,	A Lord, in love with *Aurelia*.
Old Gudgen,	A ſimple Bumpkin.
Young Gudgen,	The Favourit that would be.
His Man.	
Courtiers.	
Herald at Armes.	
Dancing Maſter.	
Singing Maſter.	
Taylor.	
Moor.	
Servant.	
Aurelia,	Daughter to the Duke.
Lucinda,	Siſter to *Adraſtus*.
Miranthe,	*Aurelia*'s waiting-woman.
Linda,	*Lucinda*'s waiting-woman.

Scene *Milain.*

THE FOOL Would be a FAVOURITE: Or, the *DISCREET LOVER.*

Actus primus.

Enter Aurelia *and a Servant.*

Aur. CAN the Prince *Philanthus*, my coſen, look ſo far beneath himſelf, as on my ſervant?

Ser. Madam, believe me, he makes love to her daily, and now they are together in the Garden.

Aur. If this be true, as I begin to fear, for I have heard him make ſome deſperate proteſtations; yet, by the ſtronger Magick of this brow, I'le break thoſe Spells that hold him; theſe Eyes, which have to all that ſued been clad in frownes, ſhall, for his ſake, receive all the additions, that a womans art can give, to make them Doors. He ſhall not caſt away himſelfe, nor ſpend his

ſigh

ſigh more, for ſo mean a perſon. For ſure, when I ſhall coſen him, making him think, that I will daigne to love, hee'l hate himſelfe, and flie ſo mean a Miſtreſſe. I'l ſee, if they be ſtill together. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Philanthus *and* Miranthe.

Mir. I ſee the Princeſs comming.

Phil. The better. Injure not ſo much your own merit,
To miſdoubt the truth of what I ſay; and if you fear
A change, I'le call the gods to witneſſe.

Enter Aurelia, *and Servant.*

Mir. Good my young Lord, ſpare your raſh inconſiderate oaths,
Which you would be content to buy again at any rate,
Within this month.

Aur. Crafty Wench, ſhe ſees us.

Mir. You muſt not think, that I will lay my ſelfe
Open to your courtſhip thus alone, it was
By accident you met me, pray let go.

Phil. Will you then leave me?

Aur. How now, Coſen, making love to *Miranthe*?

Phil. Madam, I ſhould be glad to gain her good opinion.

Aur. Couſen, I hope the Court has not infected you as yet. Will you diſſemble with me your friend, or no, if I ſhould ſeriouſly ask you a queſtion?

Phil. Madam, if I already know that vice y[ou] name,
My I or No, will be but ſmall aſſurance.

Aur. yet I dare truſt you. Love you *Miran* earneſt?
Why do I ask? I do not think you yet know love means.

Phil. Not what it is, I would I did not.

Aur. I see you do, that sigh approves it.
And, *Miranthe*, you love entirely.
Phil. Admit I grant. [*Exeunt* Miran. *& Ser.*]
Aur. Leave us a little. Then you must grant withall,
That you much injure your self; for you are equall
To the greatest in your blood; to say, your minde
Or person's lovly, is a truth, befits some other
Better then my selfe to speak. Yet friendship,
And pitty of your youth, to see you ignorantly offer your devotions
To so poor a Saint, whose influence, though ne'r so favourable,
Cannot protect you from a generall scorn forces me
To tell you, you will be counted of a low spirit,
Or wondrous ignorant, in loving *Miranthe*,
Your birth being so far above hers.
Phil. Madam, 'tis true, that being descended from your house,
I should have as just reason to be proud in that respect, as any:
But, being otherwise defective in those things,
Which I could not receive from Ancestours, my mind and manners;
Wonder not, that like a bastard Eaglet, I refuse to look upon
The Sun-bright Beauties of the Court. Yet, Madam,
You must think, in her I lord there's something,
Though perhaps not obvious to your eyes,
That to me renders her lovely.
Aur. 'Tis true, shee's a good Wench, perhaps her vertue takes you.
Phil. Madam, I know you do not sleight that in others,
ough in her you do; shee's your servant, and you say,
e's my Mistresse, and Vertue should be Mistresse to us all.

Give me leave so far, to justifie her and my selfe
as to say, If she be more vertuous then the fairest
Lady living, I ought to love her best.

Aur. Yes, if you could be married to her vertues,
not to her person;
For six pence I'le buy a Book, shall more instruct you in
that way.
But think you, Cosen, Vertue and Beauty may not
dwell together.
I am accounted fair; wherein have I appeared to you
Lesse vertuous than *Miranthe?*

Phil. In nothing, Madam, rather the wonder of your
sex.

Aur. Cousen, believe me, there are many in the
Court, that exceed
Me in both. Let me perswade you leave *Miranthe* rather
for your Man to woe, and dedicate your worthier
services
to some of those that I shall name you.

Phil. Madam, you perswade strongly, for I rely upon
your counsell
As an Oracle But think you, I have handsomess or wit,
To make me acceptable to a fair Lady?

Aur. Yes doubtlesse.

Phil. I fear you say it only, to draw me from my
Mistress.
But swear, you think me worthy.

Aur. As I live I do.

Phil. Well, Madam, you have perswaded me to be
unconstant;
If there be a punishment, may't light on you:
Or, if I fail to gain a Mistress, you must promise
To instruct me; for, whom you'l please to name
As worthy, I'le make love to tell you all my discourse,
And shew you all my Letters.

Aur. Must you needs be in Love, it seems you have
be

ten much given to read love Books; when I know your study, I shall fit you with a Mistresse.

Phil. Faith, Madam, they live such pleasant lives in those books,
Kissing their Mistresses hands, and looking on their fair eyes,
That I have envied them.

Aur. Your imagination's very strong, you begin with me.
I must provide a Mistress for you very shortly,
I shall be troubled with you else my self. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Courtiers.

1. Trust to my skill thus far, I have wrought him handsomly
2. My part is onely, to be ready to entertain you.
1. No more.
2. Fare-well then. *Exit.*
1. Fare-well. Let me alone to fit him here in the Country to the business, th'ass is rich, his father more fool then he, doting upon his sons believed perfections—Here comes the old fool.

Enter old Gudgen.

O. Gud. Good-morrow Mr. Courtier, you'r late a rising; you should have seen my son, your scholler, break halfe a dosen staves else, as gratiously, as ere a poor mans son in *Milain*, and for Cut, black Cut.

1. Indeed hee's a good sober beast.

O. Gud. Very quick, he starts before you can tell twenty; first does he trot, but then stand; I have the barrier thus with my whip aloft, and when he comes, flash quoth I, away goes Cut so fast, you cannot see him move, then does he stop most willingly—

He does indeed.

O. Gudg. And turnes about with great 'liberatio and 'gillity, but old Roane what say you to him, ther a hot Jade indeed, as like my son as can be, firy an full of mettall, and here comes the grace of ou Country, though I say't.

Enter young Gudgen and Man.

Y. Gud. Luckey, poulcroone, look to my Roa Jennet, let him allay his fury in thy hand, before h set his hoof within the stable, and shouldst thou let hi drinke, thou diest as I am generous.

Man. Saving your young worships pleasure; h had more need be set up, and have a peck of grains; heel ne're be able to plow to morrow else.

Y. Gud. Peasant, I say let him allay his heat, and fo the plow thou talkest on, I will have thee know thi mornings service hath manumiz'd him from such ba employments.

O. Gudg. How Son, whats that?

Y. Gud. I must speak plaine to his dull understanding, oh torment! let it suffice that Roane is free fro service of the plow or harrow.

Man. I your worship I am sure hath harrow'd al the flesh off his back, a little rest and meat will do well Sir.

Y. Gud. Another word, and as I hope to be a Ge tleman, Ile make him feed on thee.

Man. Good your worship.

Y. Gud. Nay worse, thou shalt not wait upon m to our Court of *Milan*.

O. Gud. 'Tis his care, Son you must forgive hi

Y. Gud. Live then; and thank this aged Noblema

O. Gud. Oh hopefull boy, hee may be one inde Sir may he not.

1. Yes yes?

O. Gud. 'Tis no matter though I be a yeoman still

1. N

1. No no, there will be no great indecorum in it.

O. Gud. I, as you say 'twere well I were a'the coram, and so I will when my son's a Lord.

Enter a Taylor.

T. Gud. How my cloaths not made yet! let me perish, if I do not revenge the blood of all the innocent lice, since the first Taylor.

Tay. I beseech your worship, you know I wanted, and you promist to let me have some money before hand.

T. Gud. How Taylor! money before hand? dost thou not know I am to be a Courtier, thou ignorant Country vermine, can there be hope to prosper in a suite paid thee for, before hand.

1. No tis unpossible you would appeare a prodigie

T. Gud. A prodigie; thats fine ifaith, nay I will pay aforehand then, and be a prodigie; if that be all my man to, he shall be a prodigie.

Man. I thank your worship.

Enter Dancer.

T. Gud. Master of the Dance and Fence you have been long a comming.

Dancer. Your worship knowes tis two long mile and I came but softly, I must be more carefull of my leggs then another man.

T. Gud. Why so man, thou makest new ones every day.

Dance. I Sir but I make them with my leggs, and every trades man will preserve his tools.

Man. Or else his wife will Chide him when he comes home.

Enter Singer.

T. Gud. Ha, ha, ha, him sol, sol fa, fa.

Sing. I am glad to hear your worship so carefull of my documents, use a voyce, and have a voyce.

T. Gud. Come come shall we to't?

1. Sir 'twere best to day you only us'd your martiall

exercises, you have rid, and fencing will be enough.

Y. Gud. You say true, first I will learne to fight, and then to make my approaches to the Ladies: if they refuse to yield to my Courtship,

Ile compell them by force of Armes.

1. How ravish them, prove a Tarquine?

Y. Gud. I, ten Tarquines, what shall they contend with me?

Man. By my faith, I will take your worships part.

Y. Gud. Shee that shall oppose me had better come on Master of the Noble science, behold thy scholler does thus confront thee.

Dan. Stay Sir you are too furious, first you must marke your distance.

O. Gud. I but sonne, you lost your opportunity; I have seen the time I would not have fail'd to pai'd him o're the nodel, at such a vantage.

Y. Gudg. How take upon you to teach me, goe to, you'r an old busie fool, but, lets see what you can doe, come on your waies.

O. *Gud.* Alas sonne, I am old, threescore.

Y. Gud. I know you might have been my father, but I have seen a wiser at thirty, come on Sir.

O. *Gud.* Nay Son.

Y. Gud. Take 'em, I charge you as you expect my favour, Ile let you see the fence is alter'd since your sword and buckler time.

Tay. I have an itching to him.

1. Sir your Father's old, you'l kill him.

Y. Gud. 'Tis no matter, I shall not be asham'd of him when I am a Lord.

1. Faith Sir, play with your Tayler, hee's a great mind too't.

Y. Gud. Has he, come on Sir shred, dare you adventer, the third part of a man to encounter; dost thou know what thou dost, I am a prodigie.

Tay.

Tay. I Sir, but I must help to make you so: one bout sir, and it were at Cudgels, I durst venter the making of your worships cloaths.

Y. Gud. Oh base Cudgels, I will kill that lowse that sits upon thy ninth button.

Tay. Well sir.

They Play.

Y. Gud. Oh Rogue do you offer to strike, and then to thrust against the Order of fence, this 'tis to play with ignorance.

1. 'Tis true sir, I wonder you would doo't.

Tay. I know the blow could not be great, alas I am but a louse, a shred at the most, Sir, but the third part of a man.

1. Away, you are saucie.

Tay. Will please your worship to let me have something before hand.

Y. Gud. A pox on thee, thou hast given me too much.

Tay. Truly sir, it was against my will, I did not think it possible I could have hit your skilful worship, wilt please your worship try another bout?

Y. Gud. No prithee.

1. A pox a these Marshall Exercises,
Lets to the City, *Dance*, Drinke, Whore, and Dice,
These are the vertues, fighting is a vice. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Adrastus.

Adra. Oh inconstant *Aurelia*, but women must be women still,
Changing though for the worst: for wherein can *Philanthus* be justly pris'd before me; hee's young
And unexperienc'd, so cannot serve her with that waryness
He ought considering her Birth, sure she cannot love him, oh yes she does, she does, it is apparent.

They

They are ſtill together and ſee, good manners pard
me.

Enter Philanthus and Aurelia.

Ile marke their actions, tho I cannot heare.

Phi. Maddam do not refuſe to inſtruct me yo
ſcholler.

But heare in what language I am able to deliver
My affection in, and give ſuch an anſwer as you thin
Adraſtus ſiſter will do, whom you have
appointed me to make love to.

Aur. I will,

Phi. Faire *Aurelia.*

Aur, Her name's *Lucinda.*

Phi. Maddam you know that all one, but
th'at-tribute of Faire ſufficient.
[illegible] old and fooliſh either to ſay, faire or vertu

Or [illegible]m, miſtris, or goddeſſe, or Divine Lad
Sweete Creature, or abſtract, or indeede
Any thing that way.

Phi. [illegible]n thus, If the reſpect I beare your had be
leſſe,
Or that after the tender of my loyall heart,
And your refuſall of it, I could have liv'd,
To enjoy your ſight I had long ere this
Made my love known, but ſince the
Manifeſtation of your diſdaine and my death are
Inſeparable accidents, wonder not that I
Have loſt ſo many opportunities to tell you.
For all Creatures have a deſire to preſerve life:
And now I ſee my laſt period approaching.
For in your heavenly eyes I read the ſentence of
death,
As plaine as if the book of fate lay open to me.
You'r are the book of fate in two reſpects,
To all that ſee and know you as I do.

or if they love you, they justly perish by your scorne.
If they love you not, their ignorance transformes
Them into beasts, a worse Condition for a man
Then not to be at all hope cannot foole me further,
Then only make me to believe, that since
I have some interest in your blood youl shed a teare,
To witnes that you greeve my ruine.

Aur. May I perish, if you have not delivered this with as much passion.
As if *Lucinda* for whom this speech was fram'd,
Had beene before you, but how shall shee conceave
That where you speak of interest in her blood?
Are you akine to her?

Phi. When you have answered in her person; for that, I shall resolve You.

Aur. Well if your affection were thus violent as you pretend,
I cannot but acknowledge that the consideration of it
Were sufficient to move pitty in any woman,
That did allow the follies of protesting lovers.
But for my part I have ever laugh'd at those,
Who hop'd to gaine love by the manifestation
Of their sufferings, and therefore had you profest lesse
Till you had made your merits appeare greater,
It would have mov'd me more: when I shall see
That in you which I asmuch covet to enjoy,
As it seemes you do now something in me.
Then which an equality of affection we shall
Meet without all these sophisticated protestations,
And not before: for as you pursue that which you think
Would be your happinesse, so do I mine.
Which I am sure consists in my freedome
From the follies of Love.

Phi. Tis even so, you have delivered nothing but what I expected.

The

The greateſt merit I ſhall ere attaine to,
Is quickly to remove out of the world.
One whom you ſomuch contemn. { *Offers to kill himſelfe.*
Aur. Philanthus, would you take this way
To aſſure your miſtris of your affection?
Phi. No other wayes then by my death after the aſſurance of her diſdaine.
Aur. P'ſhew, you muſt not deſpair for the firſt deniall.
Our hearts and tongues do not alwayes agree.
And becauſe I am to inſtruct you to gaine your miſtris,
Ile diſcover ſome part of womens diſpoſition, to you;
Tho it be to our diſadvantage.
Phi. Maddam you ſhall infinitely oblige me.
Aur. Firſt there's few of us what ere we ſeeme,
But are content to be belov'd by all that ſee us.
And thoſe who are of birth may expreſſe love,
In their actions without offence, tho nere ſo many.
But he that comes to tell his miſtris in words he loves her,
Had need be firſt aſſur'd that ſhee beleeves
That he hath worth enough to gaine a miſtris
Equall to her ſelf in merits, ſhould he make
Tender of his love elſe where: for when an other
Would receave that which is offer'd it does approve
The valew of the guift, and ſetts the giver
Free from ſcorne.
Phi. Maddam for this I thanke you, but more I beſeech you.
Aur. I will, it may be you beleeve you could not mo
Oblige your miſtris to reſpect you then by giving
Her aſſurance of many oaths that you can never love
Any other Lady, tho ſhee ſhould much neglect you.
Phi. Maddam, I do.
Aur. I thought ſo, marke a generall errour: whatſo
ere,

We are sure is ours, the worth of it doth lessen
In opinion, for we are still in pursuit
Of new and difficult things to attaine: yet it is
As great a greefe to us if our prisoners.
Should undo their chaines as 'tis contentment
To enthrall a new one and make another.
Womans servant ours, pleases above thought,
Because it is a testimony of our great vertue
And merit that drew him.

Phi. The Change may grow as well from his inconstancy,
As Judgement in discerning the worthier.

Aure. At least he will add one to the number, and multiplying
Is the art most women study that are faire.

Aur. Are all so? Maddam; are you so?

Phi. I did not tel you I would give you my particular Character, 'twas the generall I spake.

Phi. Maddam, I take it for granted, you are not such.
For these you name, are faculty in their humours.
And therefore you being singular deserve more love,
Which trust me maddam I must pay to You.
Not to *Lucinda* what ere I have seem'd.
Nor ever lov'd I Miranthe.

Aur. How Philanthus?

Phi. Maddam, tis true by all that can be sworne by.
That I only love Aurelia now, but how long.
It will continew, if shee neglect me, that I cannot tell.

Aure. This is fine Jugling, do you make me discover
The weaknes of our sex, and then assault my selfe.
I hate you, hence from my sight.

Phi. Maddam, I do not believe you, you told me your self.
That womens hearts and tongues do not alwayes agree.

Aur. But I told you withall I spoke not of my selfe.

and

And you granted too, I was not like other women.
Which you then made the argument of your love.
Therefore you muſt beleeve me when I ſay I hate you.
Phi. Yes when I do beleeve that, I deſerve it.
You ſwore you thought me worthy when you went about
To perſwade me from Miranthe, which aſſurance you
Said was neceſſarie before the verball proteſtation
Of affection, and feare not that you ſhall be too aſſur'd
That I eſteeme you, for I, according to your owne rule
Will ceaſe to love you when you uſe me ill.
Aur. Of which aſſure your ſelf, for you have offended me much.
Imuch above expreſſion, pray leave me to my ſelf.
Phi. Maddam I will, but for my owne advantage.
For when I am gon, you cannot chooſe but conſider,
That my merit to your words is equall to the beſt.
Deſerver, henceforth I will not wo in words but action.
And if you love, each thought is of my faction. *Exit.*
Adra. Bleſt opportunity.
Aur. T'is well, this troubles me; yet ſure it cannot much diſpleaſe me.
For who in *Philanthus* can find the leaſt defect?
When I perſwaded him not to love Miranthe,
And thought it was a friendly care, I was deceav'd.
Sure then I lov'd, it could not grow thus in an inſtant.
How in an inſtant, do I love him then? no no.

Enter Adraſtus.

I do not; yet it would trouble me to ſee him love another
Adraſtus. I ſhall be troubled then.
Adra. Maddam excuſe me that I interrupt your privacie
Forc'd by the violence of my paſſion, for when I ſhall be once.

Certaine

rtaine of that which I strongly suspect,
here shall be nothing able to keep me
om sudden death; not your command,
Aur. Adrastus, what ist troubles you?
Adra. Ist possible that you can aske me?
Aur. You see I do.
Adra. Maddam, you know how intirely I gave my selfe,
eserving no facultie of mind or body, to be imploy'd
ther wayes then by your Discretions, nor dare I say
et repent, tho I see another ready to reape
he fruit of my labors, 'tis *Philanthus* happy *Philanthus*
Whoe's the more fortunat in that hees not above me in merit,
affection far beneath me, nor should I greeve,
o see him happy, were he not raisd upon my ruines.
ut I must say to hope to see him one day forsaken
ike my self: oh no I dare not, sure this change proceeds
rom some defect in me which you beleeve
ou have found, and not from your inconstancy.
Aur. Adrastus, the knowledge which I have had of your actions towards me,
nd my owne beauty, assur'd me that your lov'd.
ut that my Courtesie had bred a beleefe in you,
hat I desired you should do so, till now, I knew not of
lenceforward I shall set a remedy to that: For *Philanthus*
eing rais'd upon your ruins, tis a building of your fancy only.
ut trust me tis strange you should be Jelous of what your nere
ossest: but you beleeved you did, that was sufficient.
rom this time know to value me and your self.

In

In so doing, you may regain that good opinion
I held of your judgment, which by this rash
you have lost.

Abra. Lost, even so I am contemned, is this th
ward
Of all my services, all my fair hopes
Thus blasted? This *Philanthus* was born to ruine m
In all attempts of war and peace, he robs me of
prize,
What ere she seemed, till *Philanthus* supplanted me
My services were most acceptable.
I had not else forsook *Miranthe* for her, and well
I know, shee's even with me already,
Furthering *Philanthus*, my Rivall, in his affection.
Now I must look
For nought but scorns from *Aurelia*. Could I ru
Philanthus
Yet with my selfe, 'twere some content; umh,
The way to do it, is, to continue the seeming friendsh
Which I bear him, so shall my plot be carried free
From suspicion: Hee's of an open heart,
And such natures are easie to work on.
The Politician, when he huggs, does strike:
Rivalls in Love and State, will do alike.

Finis Actûs primi.

Actus secundus.

Enter Agenor *and* Philanthus.

Phil. SIr, you have bound me to you by so many
vours,
That you do give me cause to hope, that this

Dis

Discovery is not displeasing to you.

Ag. Come, leave this ceremony, it does not fit our loves.

If you do love my sister, the friendship I have vow'd,
Ties me to aid you, although I know it may much
Prejudice me in my Father's love, should he know't;
For he so doats upon my sister, that he believes
None but a god is worthy of her.

Phil. 'Tis true, shee's full of all that can be excellent
In women, yet so far do I prize you above mine own
desires or hopes,
That could your sister recompence me with a love
equall to mine,
And yet that love, purchast by you, prove prejudiciall
to you
I rather would give o're the thought of love for ever,
At least in silence rather pine and die.
No, far bee't from my friendship, to build my happiness,
Though ne're so great, upon your smallest discontent.

Ag. You wrong my love in this, and undervalue me;
For, you do seem to say, I fear to hazzard my fathers
frown,
Though I could purchase for you what you so desire:
Now, by the gods, 'twas a most unkinde thought;
Nay, from a man lesse honest, 'twould appear
Hypocrisie; or, do you think my youth hath not yet
taught me,
What 'tis to be a friend? Know, *Philanthus*,
The few years I have past, have been employed,
To make me something capable of those parts,
Which most enobles us; and I have found
Friendship to be the soul and essence of a man.
Therefore, believe me, since for your merits I have
chose you
For a friend, your discontents, dangers, and happiness,
Are all mine; no, friend, I say, your growing love

Can plead for you, not without ſucceſſe.
She loves, but would not have you too aſſured on't,
Leſt it ſhould make you leſſe eſteem the purchaſe.
Phil. Sir, you, in this aſſurance of your friendſhip,
And her love, tranſport me with a double joy,
Not to be expreſt in words. I ſhould fall down,
And worſhip ſuch a god-like friend, that thus
Beſtowes his favours on a deſertleſſe perſon,
Made onely worthy by his love.
Age. Still you forget our friendſhip, heaping your thanks
And praiſe on me, a burthen my weak deſerving
Cannot bear without much ſhame; let it ſuffice,
My love makes me a ſervant to your wiſhes;
If they do take effect, 'tis your own merits,
Whom the gods cannot refuſe, that's the cauſe of it.
My friendſhip onely a willing inſtrument,
Strives to bring their divine wills to paſſe.
But Oh! friend.
Phil. Why ſigh you, Sir?
Age. I have long lik'd, and now I fear I love,
And therefore think, friendſhip obliges me
To tell you, yet with the reſervation of her name:
For ſhee's ſo cruell, ſo proud, if't be no ſacriledge
In me a Lover, to give that attribute.
I ſay, ſhee's ſo diſdainfull, and there's ſo little hope,
Nay rather ſuch a certain impoſſibility,
That ſhe will never love me, that I am aſham'd
To name the Tiger, that will in time, I know,
Conſume my heart.
Phil. Tell me her name, and ſend me to her, and I ſhall quickly
Make her know, ſhee's cruell to her ſelf.
Age. Oh friend, I do not wiſh to loſe you,
'Twere the ready way to make you falſe; ſuch a faith as yours

Perhaps

Perhaps, for once, might bring you off, free and untouch'd;
But should you often see her, and converse, you'd soon
Break faith with me and all the world, to gain
One smile from her; yet, even that smile were death,
Except you might enjoy them often: the deprivation
Of a good possest, being our greatest misery.

Phil. Sir, may I not know this wonder, for such I must believe her,
From your love; but more, that you believe she could
Taint my faith. Venture to name her.

Age. If you urge it as a duty, belonging to our friendship,
I must tell you; otherwaies I would for some
Respects conceal it.

Phil. Except you mean to imploy me to serve you,
'Twill be to no advantage.

Age. If you will, I'le tell you.

Phil. Faith, Sir, I shall not take it ill, if you conceal her;
May be, 'tis her will, because her cruell usage
Of you, if known, would be thought folly.

Age. 'Tis her will indeed; yet, friend, she hath more wit then all her sex.

Phil. Sir, were I not a Lover too, I should believe you.

Age. I dare not let you see her, so to approve it;
Shee'l quickly finde your worth to exceed mine.
Now is my friendship from least taint most free:
If she knew both, there might grow jealousie.

Exeunt.

Enter old Gudgen, young Gudgen,
1. Courtier, and Man.

Y. Gud. Passe not beyond this score, I charge thee, Father, upon thy allegiance; we are now within the verge of the Court. Away, make haste, to turn those durty acres into crowns, to buy the place you wote of.

O.G. Well ſon, e'en god be with thee.

Y.G. Weep not, I ſay, but get you home, and remember my bleſſing to the old woman, your wife; bid her not be proud of me, though ſhe have reaſon: Many a ſweet-fac'd youth, like my ſelfe, hath miſcarried at Court, comming to be a Favourite; but I'le buy't, and make ſure work, I.

O.G. Well, well.

Y.G. What, not gone yet, I think I ſhall be troubled with you. Sure I was a baſtard, I could not be his ſon, hee's ſuch a coxcomb.

1. Like enough.

Y.G. There have been Courtiers in our town, I and my mother was worth the whiſtling after, I can tell yee

1. I doubt it not.

Y.G. But come, how do you like me?

1. Believe me, Sir, yee'r wondrous well accoutred.

Y.G. Well accoutred, is that a courtly phraſe?

1. Yes.

Y.G. I have heard ſome word neer it in the Country. And how do you like my vaſſail?

1. Very proper.

Enter a ragged Courtier.

Y.G. Is he not well accoutred? What's he, what's he, Sir?

1. Soune poor ſleight fellow, you muſt be ſurly to ſuch, and look big.

Y.G. Nay, Sir, I can look big, I learnt that of my father's Bull,

He comes towards me.

R.C. Noble Sir, I ſhall be wondrous proud of your acquaintance.

Y.G. Then you ſhall never have it.

R.C. Why, Sir?

Enter 2. *Courtiers.*

Y.G. Pride is a deadly vertue, humility a sin, that will better become your clothes. Look I not big? Ha! stay, what's he, what's he.

1. Some great man, by those that sue to him: you must abase your garb, and with an obsequious look salute him.

Y. G. Sir, I professe my self the vassail to your Dog; if you keep none, I am a most devout and obsequious servant to your Cat.

Man. I shall desire to have the providing of her Mice.

2. Sir, I am full of employments, excuse me, I must suddenly give his Grace an account.

Y. G. A great man certainly, 'tis well if I can come to speak with him this two hours.

1. Sir, may I intreat to know, what place you hold in Court? this Gentleman, I can assure you, is worthy your acquaintance.

Y. G. No, no, Sir; alas, I'm an ignorant, and know nothing, wondrous simple, believe it; a week hence will be fair, I'le wait your leasure. But what's your place, Sir, I beseech you honour me, Sir.

1. Pray, Sir, satisfie him.

2. Sir, I'me a favourite to his Grace.

1. What luck have you, Sir.

Y. G. I, is't not good luck? Why, Sir, I come to buy a Favourites place, and think I am as fit for't as another man, and will give as much mony too.

2. Believe it, Sir, you must pay well for't, 'tis a place of great advantage.

Y. G. I know't, Sir. but one may ha't for mony, I am assur'd on't.

2. Yes, you shall have mine on good conditions.

Y. G. Good or ill conditions, I care not, that's all one, I'l ha't.

2. Sir, you know not yet the duties, nor the priviledges of the place.

Y. G. That's true, pray what are they?

2. First, you may be alwaies next the Duke, and so advance, or else keep back suites, as you favour or dislike the person.

Y. G. Nay, I'le dislike all suites, that are not like mine own.

Man. or mine.

Y. G. I, or thine.

2. The great men will give thee the first good-morrow, perhaps shew more respect, they are very courteous in this age: The Ladies, thei'l observe yee too, it may be, more then their husbands.

Y. G. That's brave ifaith.

1. Sir, hark yee, you must not seem so desirous of it. Let me alone to talk with him, and make the bargain; let's go to the next Tavern.

Y. G. Sir, I do not greatly care for this Favourites place of yours, I hear, a man shall never live in peace, my eares will alwaies be glowing; they'l do nothing but talk of me, and they'l be hang'd before they speak any good.

1. Though you deserve ne're so much. Come, let's go.

2. Nay, that's certain, they'l misinterpret every action, if it prosper not; their faith in that is like to Turks.

Y. G. Sir, I would have you know, I care not ij d. for your place; but if you'l go to the next Tavern, he shall agree with you for it.

1. Fie, Sir, you'l spoyle all.

2. But is there nothing the Duke may except against, in your friend?

Y. G. Except against me? 'tis impossible, he ne're saw me in's life: why should he except against me then, am not I as fit for a favourite, as another man?

2. 'Tis

2. 'Tis but a needfull objection.

Y. G. Except against me?

2. Pacifie your selfe.

Y. G. I tell you Sir, if he should but think of excepting against me, I would return into the Country presently, as wise as I came.

1. Nay, good Sir, 'tis impossible.

Y. G. And he were ten Dukes, I'de send him to seek a Favourit, I warrant you. Except against me? what me?

1. Nay, Sir.

Y. G. I tell you, Sir, should the Duke use me so,
His Dukeship does not a right *Gudgen* know.

Exeunt.

Enter Adrastus *and* Philanthus.

Adr. Believe me, noble *Philanthus*, there's nothing
That in the passages of life hath more contented me,
Then the happinesse of your friendship. The advantages of which,
You have now had, at this and all other exercises,
In the person of any other, would have given me cause
Of griefe and envy; but since 'twas my beloved *Philanthus*, that rob'd me of the glory,
The theft was so far from displeasing,
That with the prise you won my heart too.

Phil. Your friendship, Sir, does make you attribute
To merit, that which was due unto my fortune only,
Or rather to your policy, who by permitting
Me to win this prize, thinks to encourage me
Against some others, weaker then your selfe;
And when I am growen something rich, by little victories o're them,
You'l shew, you onely let me grow to this,
That with more ease at once, you might increase your store.

Adr. In this you overcome me too, but sure in love

You cannot; I think, were I ſtill certain to enjoy
Your friendſhip, I nere ſhould think of marriage:
For to ſay true, how can there be, in vain
Phantaſtick women, halfe that contentment found,
That 's in a perfect friend.

Phil. 'Tis certain, in vain Phantaſtick women, there no content.

But, Sir, excuſe me, if I ſay, y'are in an errour,
If you hold all women ſo.

Adr. This moves him, I'le try him farther. Are yo infected with that errour,
To think, there can be any other good in women,
Than onely, that they do increaſe mankinde?

Phil. Certainly they'r good for ſomething elſe.

Adr. Yes, to ſet debate 'twixt the deareſt friends,
To ruine husbands in their ſtates and honours,
Nay, Kingdomes, Empires; in a word, for certain,
As they bring men into the world, ſo certain
Do they ruine all our joyes.

Phil. You ſpeak from malice, friend, I fear, not from judgment;
For you muſt give your opinion the lie, when you conſider,
That our Prince that governs us had a mother,
Who, whilſt ſhe lived, did govern him.

Adr. It works. She was a Queen ordained by heaven, and ſo
Indeed, that ſhe partaks none of her ſexe's
Ill, nor weakneſſes. Name another.

Phil. Shee's eaſily ſeen, did not your malice blind you;
The Princeſſe *Aurelia*.

Adr. As ſhee's a part of her divine Mother, I grant her excellent;
But that laid by, ſhee's but a woman.

Phil. But a woman, would you have her a monſter, would yee?

Adr.

Adr. I muſt cloſe with him, I am ſatisfied.
How his blood ſtirs at naming her.
Sir, I'le admit thoſe two to have ſome worth.
Phil. You had a mother Sir, and you have now a ſiſter,
Moſt perfect as I hear; will you bar them
From all that's worthy?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The Duke calls for you, he thinks your Lordſhips well
On your journey by this time.
Phil. Pray let him know no other.
Adr. Dear friend, your pardon. [*Exe. Adr. & Ser.*]
Phil. I do not like this carriage of *Adraſtus*,
He makes a greater ſhew of love to me
Then uſuall, pretending a ſtrange hatred
Againſt the nobler ſex of women; noble, becauſe
Deareſt *Aurelia*'s one. How bleſt am I,
Though I dare onely whiſper to my ſelfe, I am beloved by her.
My plot was proſperous, & ſhee one of my beſt aſſiſtants,
To whoſe dear care I owe my happineſſe,
For by thy means, I did receive the firſt hope,
That I was beloved above what ſhe made ſhew of.

Enter Miranthe.

Mir. And from me you muſt receive aſſurance of the contrary.
Phil. Ha! that *Aurelia* loves me not.
Mir. Shee's ſo far from loving you now, that ſhe
Doth hate her ſelfe, that e're ſhe did
Phil. Oh! I am wretched, from what a pitch of happineſſe
Thou haſt thrown me in an inſtant, 'twas unkindly done; yet,

So

So ſoon to let me ſee thou haſt abuſed me
By thy flatteries, in this thou haſt diſturbed,
More then inform'd my judgment.

Mir. How?

Phil. For, what care I for knowledge of that truth,
That brings a certain ruine?

Mir. She did love you, and may again; croſſes in love are ordinary.

Phil. She'l hear me ſpeak, that I may know the cauſe,
At leaſt, of her diſpleaſure.

Mir. I know ſhe will not, her heart's ſo ſwoln with ſome offences.

Phil. I have no other comfort left me but my innocence
Each accident doth croſſe me. To morrow I muſt
Leave the Court, to wait upon the Prince;
How ſhall I get an opportunity to ſpeak to her,
The loſſe of time will ruine me, I muſt
By Letters make her know my innocence.

Mir. When you are gone, if I can learn the cauſe
Of her diſpleaſure, I'le write.

Phil. Thou art all my comfort. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucinda *and* Linda.

Luc. See, *Linda*, what I found too in my Cabinet,
Looking indeed for one of my dear brother,
Kinde *Adraſtus* Letters.

Lind. Believe me, Madam, the language of this Letter,
Conſidering the ſweetneſſe of the youth that ſent it,
Would have moved pitty, if not procured love,
From any other, but your cruell ſelfe.

Luc. Alas, good wench, I ſee thou haſt a tender heart;
In truth I would it had been writ to thee.

Lind. Well, Madam, you think none worthy but your brother *Adraſtus*.

Luc.

Luc. I do indeed believe so; who equalls him in worth?
And till I finde one something neer him, I shall not
Think of Marriage, I assure thee; for, my beauty,
Which gives place to none, will not permit me
To accept a servant, that is not equall to the best deserver.
Lind. Madam, though naturall affection stop your ears,
Against all reports, that do not sound *Adrastus* praise;
Yet, I by others hear, *Philanthus* and the young Prince,
In all respects far prais'd above him.
Luc. Philanthus!
Lin. Why, Madam, speak you with so much scorn, hee's now
Accounted the glory of the Court, a man fram'd
Both for Love and Armes.
Luc. Pish.
Lind. You never saw him.
Luc. Nor nere desire.
Lind. Well, Madam; you are strangely averse, take heed
Love do not lay some punishment upon you,
Equall to your contempt of his great deity.
Luc. Contempt of his great deity, had he a temple
Standing near, dedicated to him, and to his
Mother both, I would go in and yerk his little worship:
Or should she say, I were not fairer then her selfe,
And more to be adored, I'de break her Statue,
And those, whom by my beauty are captive made,
Should in th'stead of it, erect my Picture, frowning too,
That any should presume to love me; yet in those
Clouds, more powerfull to draw mens hearts to my devotion,
Then she, with all her wanton blandishments. *Florish.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Duke, Adraſtus, Aurelia, Courtiers, and Servant.

Duk. Daughter, me thinks you'r ſad, is't for your Brothers abſence,---hee's now upon return.

Aur. I am not ſad, Sir, 'tis but your conjecture.

Duk. Adraſtus, are there no ſports, no pleaſures t delight her? *Flori*

Adr. None, Sir, the Court is clouded in the abſen of the Prince.

Duk. What means this Trumpet? one go ſee.

Serv. A ſtranger Knight, Sir, one that deſires to b admitted to your preſence.

Enter Herald.

Duk. Wee'l hear what he demands: What would yee?

Her. Great Duke, know, that this Knight is hithe come,
To repair himſelfe by Armes, of an injury
He hath received; nor can he fear, ſo juſt a Prince
As your ſelfe, will break an honourable cuſtom,
That hath been ſo long us'd amongſt your Anceſtours.

Duk. It cannot, nor it ſhall not be refus'd.

Her. Is *Adraſtus* in this company?

Adr. Yes, I am the man.

Her. Then, Sir, my Maſter will maintain with his life,
That you have belyed a Knight, equall to your ſelfe
In merit, in whoſe behalfe hee's come to prove,
That you have wickedly invented that,
Which you have ſaid of him.

Adr. Though I do not know your Maſter, which might excuſe
A man of my birth; yet, confident in mine owne innocence,
As having wronged no man, I do accept the Combat.

Get

Get me my Armour, nor shall it longer be deferr'd,
There cannot be more noble witnesse.

Duk. *Adrastus*, I prise you too much, to suffer it.

Adr. How, Sir? then may my arms rot off, if ever I
Lift them in your service; and yet my heart
Misgives me in this occasion, more
Then ever. Push is't not before divinest
Aurelia? I shall do wonders. *Exit.*

Aur. What can this stranger be? or what can
Be the wrong, he now seekes right of from *Adrastus*,
Whose valour makes him famous through the world?

Enter young Gudgen and his man.

Y. G. Save your refulgent grace.

Duk. How now, who are you?

Y. G. A poor favourit of you graces, that desires to be better acquainted.

Duk. A favourit of mine, how came you so?

Y. G. Knowing my selfe fitly qualified, and well accoutred, as they say, I made bold to venture a summe of mony.

Duk. Is this he?

2. Yes, Sir.

Duk. I am bound to you, it seemes you love me well, that would buy my service, venturing in it my refusall of yee too.

Y. G. Yes, in good faith, I love yee very well; I have heard in the Country a good report of you; besides, y'are bound to love me too, by my place.

Duk. Who swore you, your own imagination?

Y. G. Swore me, why, do you misdoubt me? I warrant yee, Sir, I'l execute it rarely.--- Stand by there, the Duke is busie, another time hee'l hear you.

Duk. We shall be troubled with this Asse.

Y. G. Take away this fellow, you hear what the Duke saies,

Duk.

Duk. Take him away, this is not a time for fooling I am serious.

Y. G. Your grace is wise, 'tis true indeed. See the Councill-Chamber made ready, 'tis a businesse of great importance, worthy your fear. I would my old father were here, we two would advise you rarely ifaith.

Duk. Away, coxcomb.

Y. G. He has a villanous head of his own, hee'l tell you how many acres of land are in your Dukedome, and never measure it.

Duke How?

Y. G. Another shall measure it for him.

Cour. Away with this fool. [*strikes up Gudgens heels*]

Y. G. Slight! what do you use a young Gentleman and a favourite thus, that comes out of his meer love to Court?

2. Hee's quite discouraged, that rude fellow hath spoil'd all.

1. Not a whit, if I do not raise him to a belefe above what he had, ne're trust my skill.

Y. G. 'Twas you Sir, that made me believe, I should rise at Court.

1. Why, so you do; but you are no ordinary Favourite, they rise first, and fall after commonly; but you shall rise after your fall. *Florish, Charge.*

2. 'Tis not without example. *Exeunt.*

Enter Adrastus *and* Philanthus.

Duk. Are the Knights ready?

1. Yes, Sir, see where they enter.

Duk. Then let the justice of the injured's cause protect them [*they fight.*]

1. Was ever seen a braver Combat?

Duk. 'Twere pitty to lose such Knights, perhaps their quarrell,

Truly

Truly understood, may not be great.
Aur. The stranger does appear the braver.
Duk. I fear *Adrastus*. Sweet daughter, make tryall of your power,
To stay the Combat, 'tis an an office will become you.
Aur. Most willingly. Sir, I beseech you hold.
Phil. Traitor, this baseness will expresse thee.
Aur. Hold, Sir, I adjure you by her whom you
Best love, give me his life.

She pulls him, and he turning suddenly, her fear makes her fall; he offering to help her, Adrastus comes behind; but he recovering himself, laies Adrastus at his feet.

Phil. Let him confesse the wrong he has basely
Done to me; and her whom you adjure me
By; and he shall live by your command,
Though far unworthy to be so obliged.
Adr. I am dead else, I do, or any thing.
Phil. Live then, to be more miserable then death could make thee.
Duk. Be carefull of *Adrastus*, but see this stranger
Receive no injury, from any of *Adrastus* friends.
Though ye have fought with one that we love dearly,
Yet, I so much admire your courtesie
And valour, that I should think my Court
Much honoured by your stay. *Florish.*
Adr. Friends, if you love me or my fortunes, revenge me,
The way I leave to your discretion.
Friends. Enough, wee'l die or doot',
Notwithstanding the Dukes command. *Ex. omnes*

Finis Actus secundi.

Actus tertius.

Enter Lucinda *and* Linda.

Luc. Lighted that arm'd Knight that rid fast by, at that little houſe?

Lin. Hee did Maddam, this fine day hath tempt' you
To walke further then you think: they ſay there's ofte Robberies done in this wood.

Luc. Alas poor wench art afraid.

Enter Adraſtus, Friends.

Luc. What are theſe that make this haſte.
Oh Maddam, theeves I feare.

1. Saw you a Knight ride by here, dear Lady iſt you?

Luc. Well met ſir, yes I ſaw him, how does my brother?
Oh ſpeak, I long to know, I dreamt of him to night.

1. Maddam I fear your brother is no more.

Luc. Ha? dead? Oh ſpeak it not, for I ſhall bear him companie.

1. Rather ſhew us which way that Knight went, the Author of his death.
That ſo we may revenge his murther.

Luc. Oh heavens, murder'd? yet you are juſt ye powers
That makes me thus the inſtrument of his revenge.
I will not waſh this hand kercher in womaniſh teares,
But firſt in the murderers blood, then clenſe it againe
With tears for my dear Brother.

2. But Maddam, which way went he?

Luc. Ile bring you where you cannot miſſe him, tis
Not long ſince I ſaw him enter a little houſe.
As we came walking hither.

Exeu

Enter an old man, and an old woman.

Wom. Now his wounds are dreſt, hee ſleeps ſoundly.
Man. Alas good gentleman, he takes our poore entertainment kindly.
He ſaid at firſt he would come hither when he went to fight.
Wom. I wonder his man that dreſt him, ſtaies ſo long.

Enter Lucinda, Linda, and friends.

'Tis not far to the next Town.
O Man. What are theſe? theeves?
1. Stop their mouths, he ſleeps, ſhal I ſtrike him dead?
Luc. No let me ſee the Murderer firſt, ſure he looks ugly.
You need not kill him, let the law ſeiſe on him.
2. Maddam I would not have him wake, hee's ſtout.
'Twil not be in our powers to compell him.
By all the gods, 'tis *Philanthus*, but he ſhall die.
Luc. Stay ---- it muſt be by my hand, no other.
I am moſt injur'd, and ſo moſt intereſted in the revenge.
1. Alas you are not able.
Luc. Leave it to me, or elſe by all that's ſacred:
Ile lay you open to the Law give me your Dagger:
Retire and leave me.
1. Alas Maddam you.
Luc. Are you ſuch fooles, not to be content
To have a dangerous enterpriſe effected, and your ſelves
Freed from danger of the Law, none will ſuſpect me.
2. Maddam, if he ſhould wake.
Luc. Stay you without, and if you hear me call
For help: come in, not, otherwiſe.
1. We dare not diſobey you, her own great ſpirit
And the much love ſhe beares her brother, makes her,

Forget her sex.

1. But we shall lose your thanks, since she performs it.

2. Not a whit, he shall not know it for us, how ere.
Shee's a witness of our zeal to doo't; and we are free
From danger of the Law, if ever the deed be known.

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. 'Tis done, away, he welters in his blood, leave
all to me.

2. But what for these?

Luc. Fie, no, 'tis unnecessary, by giving Gold,
Ile make them speechless ever, but now I better
Think, beare them into some wood and bind them
But hurt them not.

1. Maddam, 'tis possible, your brother may not yet be
dead.
How ere this act will please him much.

Luc. Not dead? this may be malice, then if it be known,
I'le Justifie the Act, if not the thanks and recompence
Be you from him. Ile send, and know the truth of all.

Lin. Oh Maddam I never thought you could have
done a wickedness like this.
The wounds which you have given will strike
Your own soul deep one day.

Luc. Oh fool the wounds I have received are far more
dangerous,
Then those that I have given.

Lin. Maddam your own hand's cutt.

Luc. 'Tis so, all the blood thou seest came only from
thence.
Let me with better leasure looke on what I have
preserv'd.
His travell makes him sleep sound.

Lin. Madam, how blest were you to change your cruel
resolution.
Some Angell prompted you to save him from those
Murderers

Murderers, by ſeeming, as if you did your ſelfe intend
to be one.
Luc. There was no other way; but the good angell
That prompted me, was Love; 'twas ſtrange I ſhould
Be taken by a ſleeping man, that have from all eyes
That have ſeen me, almoſt baniſhed ſleep,
To think upon my beauty, which muſt be now
My part for him; for, I have loſt my ſelfe
By ſaving him, ſince I am ſiſter to his enemy.
Yet, he may love like me, when he intends revenge:
But ſhall I be ſo lovely when I ſleep, and he behold
Some ſtand ready to murder me, ſo making
Pitty uſher love into his heart, as into mine?
For all waies elſe have been before attempted
To make me amorous, none prevailed: Oh no,
It cannot be, he ſtirrs, away.
I muſt do ſomething,
What, I cannot tell:
Who loves, and dares not ſay, he lives in hell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Aurelia *and* Miranthe.

Aur. *Miranthe*, have you known valour, and ſo
little courteſie,
meet in the perſon of one man ſo fully,
As in this Knight that overcame *Aaraſtus*?
Mir. Madam, his valour did appear to all,
But wherein he behaved himſelfe diſcourteouſly,
I am yet to learn.
Aur. What Knight but he, would have refuſed to
ſtay
Their Combat, when I, a Princeſſe,
Not to be contemn'd, beſought him?
Mir. Oh, Madam, how unjuſt you are, ſince you
accuſe him
In that, wherein you ought to thank him?
You ſaw, when through your fear you fell, he turn'd
To take you up, by which he did receive

A wound, I fear too mortall, by that moſt baſe
Adraſtus; and if he had given o're the Combat
Afterward, when you deſired, his enterpriſe
Had been moſt vain from the beginning:
Adraſtus had not then confeſt, that you or any
Might have heard, the lies he had invented.
But *Philanthus* is moſt unfortunate, to have
His beſt deſervings ſtill miſinterpreted.

Aur. How! was't *Philanthus* that fought? me thought indeed,
The voice was his, but he being thought ſo far off,
Kept me from being certain.

Mir. It ſcap'd my tongue before I was aware,
Now I muſt make it good. Yes, Madam, it was *Philanthus*,
To whom I did give notice in a Letter,
How much *Adraſtus* injured you and him,
By ſaying, *Philanthus* boaſted of the great love
You bare him, in every place, and that you partly did
Believe, he ſpake but truth, which was the cauſe
Of your diſpleaſure.

Aur. Is't then *Philanthus* hath done me this diſpleaſure?
Durſt he put my honour on the hazzard of fortune?
Durſt he capitulate and make conditions,
When I did beg *Adraſtus* life? am I ſo miſerable;
That I was gladder to receive, then he to give
What I did ask?

Mir. Oh poor *Philanthus*, how happy art thou, if the wound
Thou didſt receave, helping her up, have freed
Thee from thoſe greater torments, which her cruelty
Prepares, in recompence of all thy faithfull ſervices.
But, Madam, when I think on't, did not you ſay,
He was to right himſelfe with his ſword, if he knew
No other remedy; and with more ſecrecy, or more
Diſcretion,

Discretion, it was to bar the action, all
Thinking *Philanthus* to be far hence,
Even when he drew their eyes to wonder at his valour.
Aur. Peace, no more of him, you praise him without cause.
Mir. Without cause?
When as his death, caus'd by your cruelty,
More then his wounds, shall make the world know,
'Twas he that overcame *Adrastus*, and for your sake,
As well as for his own. How will the vertuous
People tax you, of your great injustice?
Aur. I must confesse, I should be very sorry his death
Should give the world a knowledge of my follies.
Mir. Be not you cruell to him, and prevent it.
Aur. Nay, let him love himself, and save me a labour.
Mir. Madam, he cannot love that, which he thinks you hate.
Aur. Hee's neither worthy of my hate nor love.
Mir. Madam, 'tis impossible there should be that indifferency
Towards *Philantkes*, whom you must either love,
Or hate extreamly.

Enter Agenor.

Aur. Well then, I do not hate him, my brother; upon your life
Let him not know, that I do know the stranger was *Philanthus*. *Miranthe*, seek not to excuse him, hee's a most
Discourteous Knight, and I do hate him deadly.
Age. Who's that shee speaks of?
Mir. The stranger-Knight.
Age. Believe me, sister, you had no reason.
Aur. Well, Sir, I know mine own reasons best.
Age. But, sister, when you hear mine, which are stronger,

You'l be of another minde.

Aur. You may as ſoon perſwade the fixed Starrs
To move, as me from my opinion. 'Twas ſure
Some inchantment that overcame *Adraſtus.*

Age. Then you'l abandon reaſon quite, this truely ſhowes,
You women think your foes your friends, your friends your foes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Philanthus, *and* Lucinda's *Servants.*

Phil. Villains, for what reſpect is't, that you do preſerve
Me longer, to torment me? why did you not rather
Kill me, when you found me ſleeping firſt?

Ser. 'Twas not in our commiſſion, you are reſerved to feel
A thouſand torments, to which death is a pleaſure.

Phil. From what perſon living have I deſerved ſuch uſage?

Ser. I'le let you know your miſery, the more to torment you.
Know, that we are ſervants to a Lady, the moſt malitious
And deformed, that ever lived; ſo great
An enemy to vertue, that 'tis her onely ſtudy
To deſtroy thoſe men in whom it doth inhabit.
Her vigilancy for miſchiefe is ever buſie.
It ſeemes ſhe hath found you out to wreak her ſpight upon,
Intending here to keep you ever, except ſhe ſhall
Prove mercifull, and kill you.

Phil. If her hate to me onely proceed from a beliefe,
That I am vertuous, it ſeems ſhe knowes me not,
I am not ſuch. But if thou beeſt a gentle villain,
Tell me, where I am.

Ser. Far from the houſe, in which we found you ſleeding,

And

And now in the most loathed Prison, that ever eyes
Beheld, if eyes can be of use in so much darkness;
Your chiefest companions must be Toads, Snakes,
And Froggs, except two villains sometimes, as now,
ready stand,
To Inflict torments, that cannot be expresst.
Phil. Oh that I could but see, and were unloos'd,
that with my fist
I might reward thee for this kinde relation.
Ser. Screech Owles and Ravens, shall fill thy ears
continually
With dismall sounds. Hark. *Recorders.*
Phil. Sure some power, pittying the misery that I
must suffer,
Gives me this farewell to all happinesse.
Ser. Now begins your torments, but that they may
be more
Sensible, let him see him his misery. [*they unvail him.*
Phil. Amazment seizes me, is this a loathed Prison?
Or this the harsh and dismall notes of wicked birds?
Or look these men as they would stab, rather adore
me.
What do I fool my selfe, this is a dream.
I am sure asleep.
Ser. Propose your wishes, and we are ready to effect
them,
As far as lies in human power.
Phil. This is no dream, I am awake, this is my hand,
And these my hairs, I feel pain, now I pull them.
Sure 'tis a vision, or worse inchantment; the wicked
Mistresse
Of this house, to all her other ills, is certainly a witch.

Enter Lucinda.

I am confirmed 'tis so, for here she comes,

Changed in a form equall to *Aurelia*, and far more
Gently does ſhe look upon me, than ſhe did at our parting.
Luc. Sir, you are welcome, if there be defect in any thing,
It comes from negligence of ſervants, not from my will.
A valiant Knight, and flie thus from a Lady!
Phil. What ſhould I fear, ſhe cannot hurt my mind
With all her art, how ere ſhe may my perſon.
Beſides, ſhee'l change her form, and look before ſhe do me ill.
This ſhape can nought produce, that can offend.
Luc. Pray you ſir, ſit.
Phil. I will.
Luc. Not ſo far off, if you pleaſe.
Phil. You think I fear.
Luc. No, Sir; but I perceive, you are not confident of what you ſee.
Sir, recollect your ſelf; for what you heard
Before from theſe, was but what I directed,
With an intent indeed, to ſet off, as with a foil,
This mean but hearty entertainment.
Phil. I dare not truſt you, you ſpeak too well,
To mean well, ſince I am a ſtranger,
And no way have deſerved theſe favours.
Ser. My Lady, Sir, hath told you truth.
Luc. Save your pains, leave us, I'le clear his underſtanding. *Exeunt Servants.*
Phil. The danger now approches, if ſhe be a witch,
Wickedneſſe deſires no witneſſe.
Luc. Sir, if ere you lov'd, which yet I wiſh you had not,
Then the diſcourſe I am to make, will with more eaſe
Approach your underſtanding, and ſoon gain belief.

I am a Lady as you ſee, not much deform'd;
The Servants and the ſtuff here are not borrowed,
Nor will it hurt my ſtate thus daily to entertain
Such, as I make my friends; and ſuch my birth is,
As bids me live thus without tax of pride.
I am mine own diſpoſer, no Parents to blame
My diſobedience, though my choice ſhould only
Pleaſe my ſelfe: They live not, or if they did,
My fortune was not wholly left by them.

Phil. You are in a happy ſtate, ſince you have power
To make ſome noble ſpirit fortunate, and you in him.
Sure ſhe is really what ſhe relates.

Luc. I might have been moſt happy, if my unlucky Starrs
Had not in one particular croſt me.

Phil. Your courteſie obliges me, to ask you wherein?
I vow ſhe weeps, the tears, like Orientall Pearls,
Drop from her eyes, making a path down
Her moſt lovely cheeks, that may direct the looker on,
If loſt in wonder, as I am, to finde the way
Back to thoſe heavenly ſprings, from whence all treaſure
Flowes, rich above *Tagus*, or what poets ever fain'd.
Speak, gentle Lady, why this ſorrow?

Luc. They are not tears of ſorrow, but of anger,
To ſee my liberty thus loſt, that liberty,
Which I have ſo much priſed, as ſome have thought
There was juſt cauſe to think me proud, and then to lay
My ſelfe and all my fortunes, even at mine enemies feet.
Oh miſery, have I not cauſe, think you, to weep,
And curſe my cruell Stars, that force me to do this?

Phil.

Phil. I muſt confeſſe, 'tis a hard fate for to be ſub-
ject
To ones enemy: But ſure your merits have the powe
to turn
That enmity to friendſhip, if you pleaſe.
Be plain, and let me know your meaning;
And, with the hazard of my life, I'le ſerve you.

Luc. Then thus: I hated you above all creature
living,
The cauſe ſeek not to know, for 'tis impoſſible; nay
came
With an intent to ſee you murder'd; but when I ſaw you
Though you then ſlept, the graces all, me-thought,
Dwelt in you face, and ſo protected you from harm;
That I that came with all that malice, became
Your ſole preſerver, and not content with that, ſtreight
way
I made you abſolute commander of me and mine.

Phil. You amaze me.

Luc. But not intending that you e're ſhould know
me,
Nor the place of my abode, if you return'd not love,
I made my ſervants bring you thus blind-fold
Hither, leſt you might boaſt my love hereafter.

Phil. Madam, 'tis a moſt ſtrange diſcourſe that you
have made,
And yet you ſo deliver it, that I muſt think it
Truth; but what to anſwer, I am ignorant.
'Tis beſt I ſhould be plain, ſince you deſire to be ſo.
Then muſt you know, that my unhappy Starrs
Make me uncapable to receive the unequall treaſure,
Which you offer in your rich ſelfe. A Lady, like your
ſelfe,
To ſay more fair, were falſe, hath long ſince rob'd
Me of the power, to be my own diſpoſer.

Luc.

Luc. I fear'd indeed, that so much worth as you are
Master of,
Could not be undispos'd of, since where's that woman
Would not use her utmost art, to gain a servant,
That she might so justly glory in. I desire to know
Her name yet, that I may pay her beauty and her wis-
dome,
That respect it merits, for loving you.
Phil. Madam, I must not; but, trust me, shee's too wise
to love
Me still, for she hath found me now of late, much much
Defective; but I do hope, my constancy will
Make supply; for, I vow, my affection and my life
have
But one date.
Luc. Say you so, this protestation hath much les-
sened
The opinion I held of your worth: Perhaps you say
This, to avoid my importunity, which I do too much
Apprehend. I am no ravisher; may be, when you shall
see
Some greedily pursue what you do, with such scorn,
refuse,
And those perhaps your equalls, you'l finde too late,
You fondly have pursued your misery, and fled
From a great happinesse, and begin to make you
Feel your folly. I'le tie you to this hard condition,
As I believe you will account it.
Phil. What is't, Lady? there's but one womans
threatning,
That can affright me.
Luc. Say you so, I'le try that; tell me that womans
name,
The place of her abode, or by my hopes of happinesse,
I'le make you the most miserable man alive;

For,

For, you ſhall never ſee again, what you ſo cove
enjoy.
Phil. You are witty in your anger, this is no ef
of that great love,
That you profeſt; it may be, time will make me
Better know your worth. Me-thinks you look m
lovely
Then you did, though at the firſt fair.
Luc. Oh Sir, do you begin to flatter: Her name,
name,
And with it, liberty; if you deny, to priſon.
Phil. No other way.
Luc. None, as I live; can you expect from me, th
injur'd,
Any favour? Could I invent a way more to afflict y
You ſhould be ſure to feel it.
Phil. What ſhall I do? the choice is hard:
How can this any way advantage you?
Luc. If ſhe be more deſerving than my ſelfe,
I ſhall not then repine to be refuſed; if leſſe,
Contemn you for your folly; and do not fear,
That I will make another partner of
The ſecret, which may be troubles you.
Phil. If I have not loſt it, I am happy; read the di
rection of this Letter.
Luc. Let's ſee't.
Phil. Aurelia made me ſo direct my Letters, ſo
deceive,
If any by misfortune ſhould be ſeen.
Luc. To the fair hands of the moſt admired *Lucinda*.
How's this? he muſt not ſee my bluſhing, this cannot be
It may; How? I am tranſported betwixt joy and fear?
Swear by the gods, *Lucinda* is the creature you moſt
affect.
Phil. There's no help, ſhee's too wiſe to be deceived
Luc

Luc. Come, ſwear.

Phil. By *Aurelia*'s ſelfe, the greateſt oath, I lvoe no other then *Aurelia*.

Luc. All my hopes thus again vaniſht. You are free

Enter Servants.

nd I the moſt unfortunate. Sir, you muſt be contented,

hey bear you back as you came hither; and think, hat you have ſeen or heard, was but a dream. [*Exit.*

Phil. Thus I refuſe, cruell *Aurelia*, for thy ſake, beauty, that the powerfull gods might rivalls make.

Ser. Sir, we muſt bear you many leagues hence.

Phil. Even where you pleaſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter the two Courtiers.

1. He's ſtark mad, with the conceit of his Favourits lace.

2. You'l ne're make him know himſelfe.

1. The better: you ſee, he makes good ſport at Court.

2. Take heed, it may be there are ſome that do believe you brought him to mock them.

1. If there be any there ſo ſimple to believe that, then have perſonated thoſe I know not of, & I am glad on't

2. I, but to touch upon the name or actions of a Favourit, may bear equall danger with thoſe of Princes.

1. If this fool Favourit of ours do trouble any other, tell them, that Jewells receive their luſtre from a foyl; if then not ſatisfied, they're neer a kin to him in judgment, and envious to me; yet, I forgive them, knowing their malice cannot hurt my innocence, who rather wiſh to receive an injury my ſelfe, then touch at any, whoſe fooling is not their greateſt merits I mean, their

their onely hope of rising. Here comes our Gallant.

Enter Gudgen and his Man.

Y. G. Tell my Lords man, I am wondrous busie, and cannot speak with him these two hours.

Man, I will, an't please your honour. He's stark mad, but I must humour him.

2. What Lord's man?

1. There's none to speak with him, 'tis his fancy.

Y. G. In good faith, Sir, I cannot do't for you.

Man. I am very sorry for't.

Y. G. I must not waste my stock of favour, on so unreasonable businesses. Greater profit. I, ye say true; I know it will be the greater profit: But, Sir, 'twill likewise raise much envy against me, and I am not very well setled; the great men apprehend the danger of my rising, and study how to give a stop to all my hopes.

Man. Very like, Sir.

Y. G. Oh, Sir, assure your selfe, in any other thing I shall be ready to serve you. Farewell, noble Sir.

Man. Now I must go.

Y. G. Pox o'this coxcomb, why does he trouble me? Yet, 'tis good policy to speak him fair to his face, I may have use of him. Please your grace, this is a friend of mine, a deserving man.

Man. Alas, Sir.

Y. G. I humbly thank your grace. Your suit is granted.

Man. Is it?

Y. G. But with great difficulty. Sir, this mans suit is most impertinent, himself an idle, ill natur'd, and seditious fellow; I have known him long. Away, y'are sawcy. Madam, your husband shall have the place, I vow 'tis for your sake onely. Command you? no, Madam: I'le wait on you at your lodging, sweet Madam

dam. Gentlemen, you must pardon me, I cannot hear you now, you see his grace hath sent for me in haste, pray tell him that I come. You are importunate, Get the Coach there hoe.

Man. Yes, Sir. *Exeunt.*

2. This is direct madnesse, and yet he speaks more sense, than ere he did in his life, but that he speaks to no body.

1. Nay, th'Ass is strangely mixt; sometimes he will have starts of wit, that would almost cousen a man.

2. He would passe for a very accomplished Gentleman amongst some women; but that his hoping to be a Favourit discovers him.

Enter Gudgen and his Man.

Y. G. Slave, not my Coach ready?

2. What, the scene's chang'd now, the Lady is Sprat again.

Y. G. My Coach, thou cur.

Man. How many horses, Sir?

Y. G. Six, thou peasant.

Man. An't please your honour, will not Cut, and your father's dung-Cart serve to day, I'le be the Coachman.

Y. G. Be dumb, thou traitor, dost thou not know, Obedience, not advice, belongs to servants; but I will teach thee how to be malepert, thou Brock.

1. Nay, Sir, for this time let me beg his pardon; besides, Sir, spend not your rage so poorly. Hark you, Sir.

Y. G. How?

1. It must be so, your reputation is in danger else; a Favourit must be noble, of a great spirit, careless of danger.

Y. G. Why, Sir, then I am right; I care so little for danger,

danger, I would ne're come near it; and if danger approach me, it had better keep farther off, it ſhall be ſure of cold entertainment.

1. You are wiſe, Sir, I believe it.

Y. G. Wiſe, I would have you know,
Ere all be done, the world ſhall think me ſo.

1. I, Sir, we find the weight of it. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actûs tertii.

Actus quartus.

Enter Philanthus.

Phil. HOW ſtrange a fortune have I run, ſince I did leave
The Court; but it moſt vexes me, to be ungratefull to
Her, that ſav'd my life, though not by love; yet there
Might be ſome other way to ſerve her, did I know
Her name. Why, ſure me thinks I'me free, ſince 'tis her will,
That barrs me from the means, to know her. I have
No comfort left, but in the faithfull friendſhip of the Prince.
His Siſter is become cruell, I fear unconſtant.
Adraſtus, how will he entertain me?

Enter Adraſtus.

Adr. Ha, is't his ghoſt, or he himſelfe? he lives! my hopes are vain.

Phil. What means he, he cannot ſuſpect 'twas I that overcame him.

Adr. I muſt diſſemble. My deareſt friend, where have you been

Theſe

Theſe many daies? How it joyes me to have you in
theſe arms?
A Serpent or a Fury had been more welcome.
The Court, Sir, languiſhes in your abſence, and reaſon,
Wanting you, the luſtre of it.
Phil. Rather in your ſickneſſe, Sir; Now you are
well, it will recover quickly.
Adr. You have heard, it ſeemes, of my dyſaſter.
Phil. I heard, Fortune envying your worth, became
your enemy.
But, was the Combat equall, had he no odds in Horſe
nor Armes?
Adr. Something there was in that, but my reſpect to
the Princeſſe
Was moſt prejudiciall to me; yet ſince, ſhe hath
Requited me, with ſo much love and care of my health,
That I eſteem my ſelfe moſt happy to have received
thoſe wounds,
And with them, ſuch aſſurance of her affection.
Phil. How's this?
Adr. I'l vex his ſoul with jealouſie?
Phil. It cannot be.
Adr. If he accuſe me for theſe words, I'le combat
him,
And ſo recover my honour loſt, or loſe my life.
'Twas fortune, not his valour, that o'recame me.
Phil. Oh woman, woman, what art thou?
Adr. Philanthus, what is't that troubles you? if any
ſecret griefe,
Diſcover it to me, whom you may boldly truſt;
For I have told you, what to no other creature
Living I would diſcover, though wrack'd.
Phil. I am wrack'd indeed.
Adr. Come, ſpeak man, be free, my friendſhip to
you does command it.

Phil. I am of a ſudden ſick.

Adr. And that's my caſe: How I could hug my ſelfe for this?

Phil. Your pardon, Sir, I am not very well, I'le to my Chamber.

Adr. Shall I wait on you?

Phil. By no means. *Exit.*

Adr. A fine excuſe, alaſſe poor ſhallow lover.
Fortune, why doſt thou thus aſſiſt an ignorant
Againſt me? Why ſhould ſhe love him, and neglect me
Thus, that am ſo much in Art his Maſter? he has a ſmoother face,
And more youth about him; th'Adamants,
That draw a giddy Lady. I ſee him comming back,
I do not like it; I'le make as if I did not ſee him.

Enter Philanthus.

Phil Friend. He goes away. *Adraſtus.*

Adr. I cannot hear. *Exit.*

Phil. He will not hear. How baſe a wretched thing
Is a diſſembler of which *Adraſtus* is the chiefe.
With what a ſhew of love he entertain'd me,
As if his ſoul were joy'd at ſight of me;
When by the lie he did invent of me, and of the Princeſſe,
I know he hates me: What a madneſſe is it then in me,
To believe that, which he ſpoke of her love to him;
He's ſure too cunning to diſcover it, if it were true,
To me eſpecially. Child that I was, I now finde out his plot,
Suffering my paſſion to give him an aſſurance
Of my affection to *Aurelia*, which before
He onely could ſuſpect. ---See the ſweet Prince.

Enter

Enter Agenor.

Age. Thou partner of my soul, where hast thou been?
Phil. Oh Sir, the strangest fortune hath befalln me, since
I received your Letter, that ever man encountred,
Too long to be told you now. But how go matters at Court?
What say they of the stranger, I mean, of me?
Age My sister most unjustly hates you, and no perswasions
Can as yet alter her, as y'are a stranger too.
I left her with a Gipsie and his daughter, who tells
The strangest things that e're were heard; indeed he tels
You almost what you can desire to know, mens fortunes past,
And, I think, that which is to come too, if he please:
Sure hee's really a Conjurer,
Phil. I long to see and talk with this rare man,
But more your beautious sister, if she will dain
To cast her heavenly eyes on so despis'd a subject.
Age. Come, fear it not, time will pacifie that unjust anger,
That she conceiv'd against you.
Phil. I fear she is unconstant.
Age. If she love any other, nay, if she love not *Philanthus*,
She's no more my sister, but in name; a stranger
To my blood and my affection.
Phil. I do fear, if there be any body by, they'l discover
By my distemper, the affection, which except to your dearselfe,
I have from all concealed.
Age. It shall be as you desire it. Come, leave these down-cast looks;

I could complain of my hard fate in love;
Here's a greater witneſſe of my Miſtreſſe ſcorn than ever,
She almoſt ſwears here never to love me;
There was ſome hope before, but I forget.
Each one in his owne cauſe is tedious,
Taxes an other that's guilty in the ſame. *Exeunt*

Enter Aurelia, Adraſtus, Miranthe, Linda, *and a Gipſie.*

Aur. Come, Sir, what can you ſay to this hand?
Gip. You have been much in love, and there was cauſe
You ſhould be ſo, your ſervant was moſt worthy.
But you of late have been unkinde, perhaps
You love another; I can, but will not tell you at this time.
Aur. This is partly truth. Shew him your hand.
Mir. I defie him to tell any thing of me.
Gip. Y'are a good dull ſoul, you neither think of love nor hate;
To wait upon your Lady is all your pleaſure.
Aur. In troth 'tis true.
Lind. Pray, Sir, look on mine.
Gip. Y'are wondrous amorous, and have already chang'd
Three Servants, the better for the worſe ſtill.
Aur. Upon my knowledge, Sir, you have told moſt certain truth.

Enter Agenor.

Age. 'Save yee, ſiſter. Can this man tell any thing?
Sir, ſhew your skill on me, but to my ſelfe;
I would not have them heare what you conjecture:
More I know you cannot of no mans fortune.
Gip. You'l ſtraight believe the contrary, your hand's

So

So easie, that I could almost tell every particular
Of your whole life; at least, your passages
Of love, which is the skill that I profesſe.

Age. Let's hear.

Aur. *Adraſtus*, hath he ſeen your hand yet?

Adr. No, Madam, 'tis to no purpoſe, he can tell nothing.

Aur. I am not of your minde. It ſeemes my brother
Will not have us know his fortune.

Gip. You were in love at ſeven years old, as much as that age
Could admit, and have continued the moſt conſtant living,
Upon the ſmalleſt hopes; and 'tis not long ſince
You received a great diſcouragment, yet ſtill you love,
And much I fear in vain.

Age. 'Tis true, this makes me admire your skill.

Gip. You are as true a friend, as y'are a lover too,
And you in that will be unfortunate.

Age. It is impoſſible.

Gip. I may fail, but I ſpeak according to my art.

Adr. What think you of him?

Age. I think him a rare man.

Adr. I'le ſee if he can make me think him ſo.
Now, Sir, ſhall I intreat you to ſhew your skill.

Gip. You will not have me ſpeak aloud.

Adr. Why not aloud?

Gip. I will not; you have been a lover more then once, and ſtill
Unfortunate; firſt, by your own unconſtancy, your quarells
Too, have been no advancement to your reputation lately;
And more diſgraces ſhall light on you, till you return
Unto your firſt affection: the gods are much diſpleaſed.

Be good, and reconcile your ſelfe to heaven.

Adr. A ſtrange fellow, but I'le ſeem to contemn him.

The moſt ignorant might have told what he tells me,

Of which number I believe him one.

Gip. Say you ſo, pray let me ſee your hand once more.

Adr. Well, Sir.

Gip. Your own arme being too weak to defend you againſt your enemy,

I finde, you baſely have employed the armes of others.

Adr. Ha!

Gip. I finde ſomething like a murder written in this Line.

Adr. This fellow is a devill; beſides, I ſee my falſhood does not thrive.

Aur. What ſaies he to you?

Adr. He is indeed a rare man, and I recant,

And much eſteem him and his skill.

Age. I ſee he has told you things that pleaſe you.

Adr. He has ſo. *Exit.*

Age. Siſter, if you love me.

Aur. Well, you know I can deny you nothing; I would not ſee him elſe.

How I long to ſpeak with him, yet I'le torment him too.

It troubles me to think, my brother divides

The channell of his love, which elſe would wholly

Run in one continued ſtream to me.

Enter Agenor.

I eſteem you learned above all thoſe I ever ſaw or heard of.

This evening, Sir, wee'l talk at better leaſure.

Now I deſire all to retire and leave me. [*Exeunt Gipſie, and Maids.*

Now

Now, brother, where is *Philanthus*?

Age. Friend.

Enter Philanthus.

Phil. How I tremble: Were I to enter Combat against a Lion,
Nay, against an Hoste of men, me-thinks I should not
Be thus fearfull. I know, 'tis not my part
To play the passionate Lover, shee'l laugh at me.
But I have lost that power I had over my passion,
By her unkindnesse, nor can I hide the sorrows of my heart. { *she offers to go away.*

Age. Whither, sister, did not you promise to hear him?

Aur. Whom?

Age. Philanthus.

Aur. Yes, but I see nothing but a statue, there's neither
Sound nor motion comes from that.

Phil. It is your cruelty that hath transform'd me then.
Dear Madam, tell me, from what can grow this alteration?
If any false report have done it, 'tis great injustice
To believe an enemy wronging a friend, and not
To hear that friend first answer for himselfe.

Aur. Philanthus, I do not complain at all, why do you go about
To justifie your selfe, before you be accused?

Phil. Madam, why am I then banished from
Your presence, and your favour?

Aur. 'Twas your occasion drew you from the Court,
For ought I know; and for my favour, I never
Doated on you, nor do I hate you now.

Age. Yet, ſiſter, this cold anſwer does not become
That love, which you, on my knowledge, deſir'd,
That he ſhould think you bear him.

Aur. Brother, I muſt acknowledge, that I love and honour *Philanthus* merits;
But yet, I take it, I never ſo far did engage my ſelf,
As not to be my own diſpoſer; and you too far
Intereſt your ſelfe, in being more a friend to him than me.

Age. As how?

Aur. You blind my judgment, which ſhould wholly direct me in my choice:
For he whom you commend of reaſonable parts,
Muſt from me gain reſpect above the beſt deſerver.
And much I wonder, that *Philanthus* will call in queſtion
His own merits, for ſo he does in my opinion, to uſe you,
As a ſecundary means, ſince if he be a man deſerves my love,
I hope he thinks, that I have wit to know it.

Phil. Madam, 'twere ignorance in me, or any other, to plead other
Deſert, than readineſſe to obey; and fortune enviouſly
To me, hath ſtill denyed ſuch an occaſion, as might let you ſee,
The greateſt danger ſhould to me ſeem none,
Where I might hope to do you any ſervice.

Aur. Your promiſes are large, and I may perhaps
Meet with employment.

Phil. Madam, if ſo, I ſhall beleeve my ſelfe moſt happy.

Age. Well, dear ſiſter, uſe him kindly.

Aur. Brother, you did deſire, that I ſhould give him hearing,

None

None by but you: I will exceed that favour,
And wish to enjoy his company alone; pray leave us.
Age. Most willingly. *Exit.*
Aur. You may stay, Sir, if you please, except you fear
To be alone with me.
Phil. Madam, why fear, what danger?
Aur. More then you think, I must impart a busi-nesse to you
In which I shall make tryal of
The great love that you profesſe.
Phil. I am blest, if you be serious; though I should
Perish in what you employ me, I must
Account my end most fortunate.
Aur. You must swear to perform what I enjoyne you,
According to your power.
Phil. Madam, I vow't, if it be not against mine honour.
I value you above my life, but lesse then that.
Aur. Well.
Phil. One exception more, and then be what it will.
Aur. What's that?
Phil. Not to command me to ceaſe to love you.
Aur. Oh! fear it not; and yet I will not promise to love you,
Not when you have performed, what I shall now enjoyne;
Yet, I confesse, the service will be most acceptable:
Nor must you make my Brother, though your deareſt friend,
Partaker of the secret.
Phil. That's worst of all.
Aur. Swear.

Phil. I do.

Aur. Then know, that I do hate that Knight, that overcame *Adraſtus*,
More then I love my beauty or my health.

Phil. How?

Aur. This cannot chuſe but pinch him. And do enjoyne you
By your oath, to find him out, and ſo deliver him into my hands,
That I may have ſtill power to puniſh him as I think fit.

Phil. And, Madam, wherefore do you hate him? I heard,
His actions did not deſerve it.

Aur. For his diſcourteſie, and neglect of me.

Phil. Know you of what Country he is?

Aur. No.

Phil. Oh, Madam, I finde your plot, you know you ſhall
Still be importuned by my love, which will
Not give me leave, to let you live in peace;
And therefore you have ſet me on this uſeleſſe task.
You are witty in your cruelty.

Aur. Not onely ſo, for I deſire to be reveng'd upon that Knight.

Phil. Will't content you if I kill him?

Aur. No, his puniſhment I reſerve unto my ſelf,
The way to bring him hither, to your own diſcretion;
By force, or by entreaty, as you pleaſe. And ſo I leave you.
Think on your oath, remember too I promiſe no reward.

Phil. Nor may I hope one neither.

Aur. You are your own diſpoſer.

Phil.

Phil. At least allow me this encouragement.
Why should I strive to please this scornfull she, that
hates me;
Nay, hates me, when I do deserve all love?
The beautious Lady of the Castle did not so.
Am I not by the gods thus punished, for my ingratitude
to her? yes.
Certainly, she sav'd my life: Her beauty is not much
inferiour,
Her wit seemes equall; how e're, she ought
To be esteemed by me much more. But where's
she,
Or what is she, I know not, onely
I feel her growing here, here, [*flourish*] in my heart.

Enter Duke, Agenor, Aurelia, *Courtiers.*

Duk. This custome shall no longer be of use;
The last Combat was granted, it seemes,
Hath drawn on this.
Age. Your Court will be dishonoured by the re-
fusall.
Shall it be said, You protect those, who do wrong
To others, when the guilt perhaps makes them
Too feeble to defend themselves.
Duk. Well be it as you will, I am innocent
Of any blood, that shall this day be shed.
Age. Let the Knight enter.

Enter Gudgen and his Man.

Duk. How, *Gudgen* my favourit? nay, then there's
no great danger: Meant you 'twas he? Which of the
women will he challenge?
Aur. Nay rather, how many men at all these wea-
pons.

Y. G. Speak your prose first, and see you be not out before you begin your leggs.

Man. No, I warrant you, Sir, I'le make my sirreverences very sweetly.

Age, Something long a beginning.

Y. G. Take heed your tongue do not discover you.

Man. No, nor my tail neither, I warrant you, as I tell it.

Y. G. Remember, born a great way off.

Man. I, I, and not christened; for you are a Turk you know.

Aur. Now he begins.

Man. Most doughty Duke. Master, what must I call you?

Y. G. Coxcomb.

Man. Oh!

Y. G. Shouldst not name me.

Man. Most doughty Duke, my Master Coxcomb whom you see.

Y. G. Oh slave.

Man. Is come to Court, to shew his chivalry gainst.

Y. G. Speak softly.

Man. Against speak-softly, servant to your grace.

Y. G. Bernardo, servant to your grace, you fool.

Man. Bernardo, servant to your grace, you fool, whom if he be within this dismall place, I him defie, throwing the monstrous lie into his ugly throat.

Age. Good poetry.

Man. And should he come, I would not be in coat:

For sure my Master, who is come thus far,
Will kill him dead before he be aware.
I am his mouth, and I do tell you from him,
My Master, if he come, will soundly bum him.

Y. G.

Y. G. Wooll a?

Man. And therefore keep away, if you be wise; till I my Trumpet have forth-sounded thrice.

Phil. Me-thinks the Knight should speak for himself.

Y. G. I do not understand a word of your language.

Duk. Hard luck, how far was your Knight born?

Y. G. Be sure you say far enough, they'l know me else.

Man. I warrant ye. Beyond the worlds end.

Age. How many miles may that be?

Man. Forty good miles, and more. His Father?

Y. G. Peace, sound again, I am in some fear.

Aur. Hee'l learn to speak anone.

Y. G. It seemes the enemy dares not approach; if he do, I'le send him after those ten Knights that I kill'd in *Thrace*, singly, man after man, though they assaulted me all at once.

Phil. That's strange.

Y. G. I, at one blow, with this rusty sword, rusty with being continually imbrued in blood of bruitish beasts,

Man. Indeed he kill'd a mad Bullock once.

Y. G. Clove to the teeth a monstrous high and mighty mastiff Dog, of a Leminian Lion's hide.

Age. A Cow's perhaps, his father was a Butcher.

Y. G. Sound the third time. Not yet, how base is he, that dares do injurie, but much more base, that dares not justifie his wickednesse. Not yet?

Phil. Now he speaks plain.

Y. G. I with this Gun have kill'd a monstrous Wren.

Man. He come! Hang him coward.

Y. G. Oh that he durst, then would I. What noise is that?

Man.

Man. Nothing.

Y. G. I thirſt for blood, if there be any here.

Aur. To drink, would he have it?

Y. G. That dare according to antient books, maintain the beauty of his Lady againſt mine. Since the enemy dare not appear, I muſt be in action.

Age. Where's yours? (*Flouriſh*)

Y. G. My ſquire here ſhal be ſhe, my valour ſhal ſupply that which wants in beauty.

Duk. None dares. I am weary of this fool.

Y. G. Dare none encounter me, march quite away?
He's come, but 'tis too late, I ſcorn to ſtay.

Duk. What did you come for?

Y. G. I will tell you the ſecret, I did come hither
no end,
And I do mean to depart to as little purpoſe.
Therefore like other Knights, that make a ſhow
In glittering Armour, as I came I go. { *Exeunt Gudg.*
Phil. Call him back again, hee's a { *& his Man.*
rank coward.

Duk. No, let him alone, I'me weary; beſides the
day is far ſpent,
And we do loſe much better ſport; nor were it well
To have him ſo diſcouraged.

Aur. Pray, Sir, let me enjoy your friend *Gudgen's*
company ſometimes.

1. *C.* Madam, I'le fit him the beſt I can to make you
ſport.

Aur. If *Philanthus* conceal from *Agenor*
What I enjoyn'd, he loves me more then him,
Which I ſhall much rejoyce in. { *Exeunt, manet*
Age. Is this your friendſhip? { *Phil. & Age.*

Phil. Do not accuſe me, where I am not guilty.
The ſecret is not mine, that's truſted by another to
me:

And

And when it does concern them more then me,
Yet so much I am touched, that I do burst
With a desire to tell you.
Age. Why do you not?
Phil. She bound me by an oath to the contrary, most cunningly;
For else, she knew I would have told it, you.
Age. Philanthus, I see she hath wholly won you from me,
And I am glad you need not use my friendship further.
Which of you two to accuse of most unkindnesse,
I know not well. For me, I should not have entertain'd
The knowledge of a secret, on a condition so prejudiciall
To our friendship.
Phil. 'Twere great injustice in you, if't should.
A perjur'd man would ill become your friendship.
Age. You tell it to no man in telling me.
Phil. Had not her tongue, her action did enjoyn me to keep it from your
Knowledge of all men; you saw, she did desire your absence.
Age. Perhaps she fear'd to speak before me, that which yet she would
Be well content, that I should know from you.
Phil. If I have friendship, the knowledge of it, if you love me,
Would more afflict you, than my denyalls does.
Age. Such an excuse does worst of all: farewell.
Phil. Sure *Aurelia* so much hates me, that she envies me.
That happinesse of her brothers friendship, and onely
Did invent this plot to break it. Stay, Sir, I'le give you proof

That

That I dare truſt you with a ſecret, and you will
Say, a ſtrange one though not this.
Age. Well, what is't?
Phil. I do not love your ſiſter.
Age. How!
Phil. No otherwiſe then as ſhe is your ſiſter.
Age. This makes me more ſuſpect your friendſhip.
Phil. Why ſhould you think I love her, ſince ſhe hates me,
And laies plots to deprive me of your friendſhip,
Which, by the gods, I priſe above what happineſs
Women can bring me.
Age. This proteſtation makes me think, you do not love indeed.
Phil. Be not miſtaken, I do love.
Age. Whom?
Phil. Remember my paſt fortune with the beautious Lady
Of the Caſtle, and you will finde, that I have cauſe
To be a Lover, if only out of gratitude.
Your ſiſter's cruelty hath made my reaſon
Once more Maſter of my will; and being ſo;
I cannot chuſe, but ſee my former folly,
In hoping to enjoy ſo abſolute a creature
As *Aurelia* is, whom heaven ordaines
For one of greater merits; the gods had been
Indeed unjuſt, to make unworthy me the centre,
Where ſo much worthy loves ſhould meet, the leaſt
Of which, is ſure to make the beſt deſerver happy.
Age. *Philanthus*, my friendſhip's of that nature, that it does
Glew me unto your deſignes; and ſince I ſee
My ſiſter hath given over to deſerve your love,
I muſt confeſſe, I think you could not place it with more reaſon,

That

Than on this Lady. 'Tis true, that I would have thee
ſtill a Lover
Like my ſelfe, for ſo you'l hear me, and not laugh,
When I deplore my miſery in love; and I do glory,
To be found more conſtant than you are. The ſcorns
Of my Miſtreſſe have not altered me; I think
It vice to change, how ere ſhe uſes me.

Phil. Rather 'tis vice not to change, when reaſon
does command it.

Age. Reaſon can never be your warrant to be falſe.
I had been falſe to reaſon and my ſelfe both,
To love where I ſhould finde neglect yet,
Where I love, 'tis with much paſſion, but
Not your blind-fold conſtant way.

Age Nor would I that you ſhould. I ſhall be happy
In your happineſſe, or you in mine, if either
Of our different waies do proſper. But you
Now love you know not whom, nor know you where
to finde her.

Phil. Pardon me, the skilfull Moor, late come to
Court,
Aſſures me, that he will let me ſee again
That Lady by his art.

Age. When this?

Phil. This morning I ſent my man before to tell
him,
I am comming; his houſe is here hard by.

Age. May I not ſee her too?

Phil. Perhaps, if you diſguiſe you like my ſervant.

Age. I will.

Phil. Let's go then, I know he does expect me.

Exit.

Enter Moor, and a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Master will streight be here.
Moor. Sir, I am ready.

Enter Philanthus *and* Agenor.

Phil. Great Master of your art, good-morrow.
Moor. Good-morrow, noble Sir.
Phil. I hardly yet believe it possible,
You should perform what you have undertaken.
Moor. More, Sir, if I please; I am in substance
What others seem; nor shall you stay
The making of a Circle. But who's this with you?
Phil. A servant, Sir, that I dare trust.
Moor. Pardon me, Sir, I have reason to be wary.
This art is no waies lawfull; for telling fortunes,
That I count nothing. Is there nought else that you
desire?
Phil. Not'aing.
Moor. Stand by then. By that great power that's
given me, *Recorder.*
I charge thee, the form of that Lady, to
Appear, that this Prince desires, so habited,
As when he saw her last.

Enter Lucinda.

Phil. Oh ye powers, 'tis she. I must confesse, your art
Is inimitable, 'tis the same form; me-thinks
It looks so like the life, that it would speak,
If I should question it: no beauty can be greater. *Exit*
Shee's gone, can you not once more shew her. *Luc:*
Moor. Yes, and much more, if I were pleas'd.
Phil. What?
Moor. What? sit down and you shall see. Return thou
beauteous shadow.

Enter

Enter Lucinda.

Phil. She's by much fairer then *Aurelia*; I was a fool
To pursue what's fled, and to refuse a blessing
Offered like this; she smiles, as if she understood me,
And confirm'd my saying.
Age. Although I burst, I'le see the end.
Phil. When first I saw what's here presented, I could not think she was the thing she seem'd,
And now I cannot think she is a shadow,
But a substance,---- That sigh assures me,
That shee's flesh and blood; and yet a Dæmon
May possesse a body, making it move by its own Organs.
A dead Body, not a living body: pardon, if shadow,
Or if substance, this bold touch; it is not profane,
Since it proceeds from an affection equall
To what a mortall ere could boast of, in so short a time.
This soft and warm hand does assure me, you are
That noble Lady, to whose courtesie I owe
My life, and now again it is within your power
To see me die. But if you shall once more, make me a tender
Of that love, which at your Castle I refus'd,
As being then a prisoner to anothers beauty.
Assure your selfe, I shall redeem that errour,
With an affection equall to your merits, paying the debt
Of two lives that I owe you, and this of love the greater.
Age. Oh false friend.
Phil. She answers not. I fear I all this while, transported

By my paſſion, have ſpoken to a ſhadow.

Luc. Rather I fear your proteſtations will prove ſuch.

Age. 'Tis ſhe, and I am miſerable.

Phil. Oh my joy. No, Madam, they are as firm as are the Poles, *Here the Gipſie pulls off his beard.*
That prop up heaven; and can I doubt? the proofs
That you have given me of your love, are infinite,
In that you thus diſguiſe your ſelfe thus once more
T'ingage me in an infinite affection, which I deſire to ſeal thus.

Luc. Will you not think you, recall your vowes,
When you ſhall know my name.

Age. Cruell woman, thou needſt not tell him, he too well knowes
Thou art *Lucinda*; the unkind Miſtreſſe of his
Too kind, and much wronged friend *Agenor*.

Phil. Lucinda, Oh my croſſe fortune, I am falſe and knew it not.

Age. Excuſe it not, but juſtifie thy ſelf,
That I may kill thee without repining.

Phil. You know I never ſaw ſaw her.

Age. True. But was it poſſible thou couldſt believe,
That I could be tranſported with that paſſion
For any other beauty, then for that thou ſeeſt in her?
How often, raviſhed with admiration, did I deſcribe
Her face, and thought by love, like the muſt cunning Painter,
To draw her very feature to thy underſtanding, *All this while, after their ſwords are drawn, the Gipſie and the Lady perſwade and hold the Prince.*
As they do to the ſight; ſo much at leaſt,
As if thou hadſt but been that friend,
Which I did hope, it would have prompted thee to fear

No

No other but *Lucinda* could have been so fair.
Phil. Y'are passionate without all reason, and
Forget friendship. Hear me.
Age. No, I am too tame, suffering thee, that hast
Nothing, but the empty name of friendship,
Thus to abuse me and shall that be a sufficient
Bridle to hold back my revenge? Draw thy sword.
Phil. Why, you are mad.
Luc. I fear some ill event.
Age. Why smile you? Think you, because my valour
is not like to yours,
The subject of each tongue, my maiden-sword,
Never unsheathed till now, that I do fear
In a just cause to use it? Provide your best defence.
Phil. Defence, hear me.
Age. Come, draw, and do not dally. Your guilt
hath
Made you weaker then you think, you are not
What you were, when you were faithfull.
Luc. If I have any power, let me conjure you.
Age. You have none. { *Here, she breaks*
Luc. Hear me.--- How do you noble { *from the Gipsie.*
Sir: Oh for a Chirurgeon
Age. Ha! what have I done?
Phil. 'Tis in vain, I am well, well as I could have
wish'd
I am remov'd from being a hinderance to
My friend in his affection. You perceive
How much he loves you, since it did force him
To make a sacrifice of me, me, his better halfe.
Sir, give me your hand; it was my fortune, not my
will,
That crost you in this Ladies love. And, Madam,
Remember, that my last breath is employ'd,
To assure you, that I shall never rest

In peace, if any other ſhall poſſeſſe that place,
Which you thought me worthy to hold, in your affection,
Then this Prince, who onely does deſerve it;
To whom, I hope, my weak defence, may juſtifie my innocence.

Luc. Thou cruell murtherer of thy friend, who rather than
Endanger thee, would not defend himſelfe. Thou cruell Butcher.

Age. I fear I have been too raſh.
He no way did employ his ſword.

Luc. Oh cruell fate. Gon, he's gone for ever.

Age. He's quite dead, and you are hurt too, I think. Ha!

Luc. A ſcratch.

Age. He did employ his laſt breath to gain my love,
From you too; did he not?

Luc. He did, but 'tis in vain, for I ſhall hate thee more then a Serpent.

Age. Yet leſſe then I ſhall do my curſed ſelfe,
The vildeſt monſter of ingratitude,
That the earth ever bore: I wonder why
It does not gape, and ſwallow me alive.
'Tis mockery to believe the gods are juſt,
After this ſufferance: Here, if you have any mercy, kill me.

Luc. Not I.

Age. I'le do't my ſelfe then.

Moor. Hold, Sir, for heavens ſake.

Age. Thou ignorant, 'twas to pleaſe heaven I would have done it.

Moor. You are deceived, they want not proper inſtruments;
If 'twere their divine pleaſure to ſhed your blood,

To

To ſhew their juſtice: No they delight in mercy more.
Age. But not ſo far as to confound their juſtice,
I am no ſubject for it.
Moor. Madam, your help, to ſave another miſchief.
Luc. Onely that thought makes you unfit, y'are penitent already;
And that I may remove from you this black deſpair,
That darkens thus your underſtanding, know,
For your friends dear ſake, if e're I love again,
It ſhall be you, except his memory.
Age. Fain I would die, yet fain I would believe her.
Oh love! what power thou haſt, that thus can change
My juſt revenge; although I know this proteſtation
Growes from a fear to offend his ghoſt, and not
From love to me, for that's impoſſible:
Yet, I will live, to inflict ſuch puniſhment
Upon my ſelfe, that you ſhall give me leave to die,
To end my miſery. The Tombe I will erect
For this dear Coarſe, ſhall well expreſſe my love,
Howe're, my unfortunate hand did ſhed his blood.
Let your care be beſtowed upon the body,
Till I diſpoſe of it; I ſhall reward your pain.
Moor. My Lord, I will.
Age. Heaven affects. Why do I live, and ſee him thus,
And I the Author? Madam, what is your pleaſure?
Will you remove unknown, or ſhall I wait
Upon you to your brother?
Luc. Sir, I beſeech you, give me leave to be my own diſpoſer.
Age. Obedience is my ſacrifice.
Luc. But how, or where, is yet unknown to me,
Uncertain fate, yet certain miſery. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actûs quarti.

Actus quintus.

Enter the two Courtiers.

2. WHat, are our Comedians ready?

1. Yes, yes.

1. That's well; the Princesse does walk presently, and comming in unlook'd for, 't will please her the better. It's fine Poetry, is't not?

1. Onely faulty, if not foolish enough; a quarter of an houres work, when 'twas done; and yet I have studied a long time; and can finde nothing more ridiculous,

2. Is there no prologue?

1. No, there's too few Actors.-- Here's the Princesse. They have their cue, they'l enter sure.

Enter Aurelia *and* Miranthe.

Aur. How now, what strange hob-goblin's this?

Enter Man.

Man. Love, that intoxicates the brains of mortals, where there is any,
Here inhabits none to be intoxicated, 'tis well known.
Not *Sisiphus*, that restlesse rowles the stone still,
Takes more delight, then I do in my own fill.

Enter Gudgen like a Lady.

My *Phillida*, lo where she does appear,
More humble then a Peacock, or his peer,
The Turky, who with her bristling plumes,
Confounds my sense, and my poor heart consumes.
Oh gods, Oh most glittering Wight,
Thou workst upon me, I had need go write.
My passion, 'tis not a stumbling tongue,
That can expresse the love I bear thy bung.

Y. G. Kisse where thou lov'st, I thee pray, even here;
Nothing I have too pretious for my dear. But

But you do fool me, I and frump me; you,
I *Venus* fair or chaſt; go too, go too.
Man. Is *Venus* like to thee, thou durty ſow?
No, thou art like unto our brended Cow:
But yet I fear ſhe will prove wilder far,
Thou art incenſt, thy goblin eyes make war.
Y.G. Puh let me go, theſe come not from your heart;
Too late I finde you play the Courtiers part.
Man. May all the joyes of earth confound me, I,
Have dyed thy love, and live I will perdy.
Y.G. Oh perjur'd man, ſee where ſhe comes you wot of,
Betwixt you ſurely I am made a ſot of.

Enter a Wench.

Wen. Sir, I am come to viſit you, and your fair Miſtreſs.
Man. Moſt odoriferous Lady, you are offenſibly welcome; for you have done me a moſt deſperate and intolerable favour; my Miſtreſſe does with me, I know, congratulate the miſchiefe.
Wench. Sir, I am a ſimple wench, that underſtand nothing beyond ſenſe.
Man. I am ſorry for it, yet I will deſcend to your underſtanding, and ſpeak none: or very little, hereafter.
Wen. It will become your perſon.
Y. G. Hark how ſhe woes my dear: Oh, I am loſt I fear.
Wen. Lady, you are ſad, and much I wonder, being ſo happy in your ſervant.
Y. G. Damoſell, you are unkinde, your ſcorns are ſcurvy, and become you not.
Man. Oh thou art ſuch a pretty wench, I could wiſh my ſelfe a gib Cat, and we two together in the dark.
Y. G. Ah me! he's loſt. Sir, you forget me, your *Phillida*.
Man. Thee? I do contemn the thought of ſuch a dowdie.

Y.G.

Y. G. Ah me, then let me die; thou conſtant wretch, maiſt thon ſink down to bliſſe; but ſhall I curſe, whom I have loved more, then my beſt Cow *Mull*: Oh no. Come death and end my woe. But what ſhall finiſh my unhappy daies? this knife, this ſhall afford me paſſage to the ſhades below, where I will try by dying thus my love to ſhow, and fill his hard heart full of diſmall wo.

Man. Alas good fool.

Wen. Will you not ſave her?

Y. G. Now I am dead, doſt thou not grieve, thou cruell elfe,
If I had known, I had not kill'd my ſelfe.
Now I am ſtark dead, pray tell him ſo.

Man. Would thou wert buried, thou'lt ne're leave talking elſe.

Aur. *Miranthe*, this is ſo wofull a ſtory, I'le hear no more, make my excuſe to the dead Lady, when ſhe revives. *Exeunt Aur. and Miran.*

Man. Maſter, Maſter, riſe, riſe.

Y. G. That's not my cue, he's out.

Man. The Princeſſe is gone.

Y. G. Gone is not my cue neither.

Man. The play is done.

Y. G. Thou lyeſt, I muſt be kis'd firſt; I wil I not open mine eyes till I be kis'd.

Man. What a coile's here, I could finde in my heart, now his eyes are ſhut, to undo my points, and give him his cue. Sir, Maſter. I think hee's a verier aſſe then my ſelfe, there let him lie, for me, I'le follow for a reward. *Exit.*

Y. G. Is he gone, had I no place about me worthy his (kiſſe?
Then let me wake from death. Why this it is,
Since when I courted him, he would not come,
My Ghoſt ſhall haunt him, till he kiſſe my hum, hum.
Exit.

Enter

Enter Aurelia *and* Miranthe.

Aur. This is the day, and this the place, that *Philanthus*
Intends to preſent himſelf as the ſtranger Knight,
To receive what puniſhment I ſhall inflict,
Where I will make him jealous of himſelfe.

Mir. Why will you ſo torment him, ſince you confeſſe you love him.

Aur. Still to draw greater proofes of his affection, in which I glory.

Mir. Take heed, whilſt that you uſe him thus, you do not
Leſſen what you would make greater, his love.
Were I man and in his place, I ſhould have hated
You, for you in reaſon have appeared unworthy,
And inconſtant, which how his generous ſpirit
May brook, who knowes.

Aur. Púh theſe are needleſſe fears, ſee where he comes,
The ſame armes he wore, when he o'recame *Adraſtus*;
A coldneſſe ſtrikes my heart at ſight of him.

Enter the Moor as Philanthus.

Moor. If you be the Princeſſe *Aurelia*, I was enjoyn'd
Thus low to bend my knee, lower my heart,
In my ſubmiſſion to your offended deity.

Aur. Yes, Sir, I am, and you I take to be the moſt
Diſcourteous Knight alive.

Moor. Madam, I have already paid for that offence,
The forfeit of my honour, if not to be recovered,
By faithfully performing what I was enjoyn'd,
Rather commanded, by your *Philanthus*, for ſuch
How e're you priſe him, he deſires to be eſteem'd.

Aur. How well he counterfeits anothers voice.

Moor. By a ſtrange accident he met me, and when
Perſwaſion would not move me, for I had a deſire
Another way, he did employ his not to be reſiſted valour,

Com-

Compelling me to ſwear, for ſafeguard of my life,
Here to preſent my ſelfe, and willingly receive
What puniſhment your rigour can inflict.

Aur. What cenſure do you expect?

Moor. Death, for I do believe you the moſt cruell Lady living.

Aur. Why do you think ſo?

Moor. Your rigour to *Philanthus*, who partly made Me know his ſtory, made me ſuſpect; yet ſtill He loves you, more then his own ſoul. But your Unjuſt hatred againſt me, gives me aſſurance, Of your cruell nature.

Aur. Perhaps I did but ſeem to hate you, you ſee I am unarm'd
For puniſhment, none but my ſelfe, and one weak woman more.
But you are bound by oath to endure what ere I ſhall inflict; I'le try him fully.

Moor. I am, and wiſh to know my ſentence.

Aur. With your own ſword I will perform it.

Moor. Alas, you have not ſtrength to take my life, were I unarm'd.

Aur. Rather no will, you are not noble that would thus,
T' the danger of your life, perform your promiſe.
Receive your ſword, and know, I am ſo far
From hate, that I did love you, for the great reſpect You ſhew'd me, though I ſeem'd otherwiſe.
But you retiring, and to me unknown,
Bar'd me from means to thank you, or let you know, How much I lik'd your valour, which ſure by *Philanthus*
Could not be exceeded; I rather take it as a courteous act
From you to him, he hoping the performance

Of

Of the task enjoyn'd, might reconcile him to my love,
Which is now impossible; yet, I did much affect him,
Till his boasting did beget my hatred.
But trust me, in his sending you, how e're,
I thank him, he hath much prejudic'd himselfe.
There is no honour that this Court can do you,
Which boldly you may not promise to your selfe.
Nor would I have you think I am unconstant,
For I have still profest to love, where I did find
Most worth, untill I were confin'd by Marriage.

Moor. Madam, however some will censure this your humour,
To me it does appear the best. I honour you,
And shall believe my selfe the happiest creature
Living, in this your good opinion.

Aur. Longer, Sir, I will not hold you, but when you please
To visit me at Court, theres no assurance
Of my affection, that I shall refuse,
Which honour will permit me to bestow.

Moor. I, make me in my own opinion the mark of envy,
To the most happy living. Besides, thus on your hand,
I seal my lasting service. *Exit.*

Mir. Madam, what's your designe in this, to give *Philanthus*,
As a stranger, so large assurances of your affection,
And yet make him think, you hate him as he is himself.

Enter the second Courtiers.

2. Ah! Madam, the most unfortunate accident.

Aur. How! what? thou frightest me, speak.

2. The Prince your brother.

Aur. What of him?

2. Hath kill'd his dearest friend, noble *Philanthus.*

Aur. 'Tis impossible, I know the contrary.

2. Oh

2. Oh, Madam, 'tis too true, your brothers ſorrow is
a witneſſe of it;
The Court is drown'd in tears, and juſtly,
It never felt a greater loſſe.
Aur. I have abuſed my ſelf then, made vowes and
proteſtations
To I know not whom; the voice indeed was different.
But is this certain truth? were ye a witneſſe?
But how, or why, or when? I am amazed
With wonder and ſorrow. Speak.
2. 'Tis ſo certain, that your brother would have kil'd
himſelf,
Had he not been prevented.
Aur. He had done well, 'tis fit we all ſhould die;
For who would live after *Philanthus*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. You Gods, was't not ſufficient miſery for me
To love a man, whom I had never ſeen before?
His heart given to another, or ere he knew me?
But that you afterwards muſt raiſe me to the happineſs
Of his affection, and then thus violently pull
Him from me. Why ſhould you thus oppoſe your
ſtrongeſt powers
Againſt a ſilly woman. But, love, I know it is thy malice,
That did invite the cruell deſtinies to cut
The fine ſpun thread of dear *Philanthus*, and cruelly
Lengthen mine. You powers, it is enough; for you
have humbled
My proud heart low as the earth. Seek out ſome other,
That hath not felt your ſcourges, I confeſſe
Your power, and am obedient too. But why ſhould I
Begin to flatter unjuſt heaven, within whoſe power
It does not lie to pleaſure me. *Philanthus* gone,
Whoſe name I'le reverence more in their deſpight,
Then all the envious deities, that took him from me.

Enter

Enter Philanthus, *as a Ghost.*

Phil. Impious, cruell, and forgetfull woman, thy sacrilegious
Thoughts and words, I see, have been the causes,
That have stopt my passage to the *Elizium* fields;
Forcing me thus wandring to stay above the earth,
To feel torments above neglect in love;
Nay, equall to those hellish pangs, bred from the thoughts
Of a much lov'd inconstant Mistress. But I'le revenge
My selfe, by haunting thee perpetually.

Aur. Oh thou dear ghost, such a revenge were sweet,
I should desire to look upon thee ever.
After I had thee, thou wert soon lost, I was not satisfied.
Let me if possible embrace thee, at least
Converse with thee for ever thus.

Phil. I see you have forgot my last request.
Think on the Prince, in whom I live; this way ye cross
The ordinance of heaven, who never failes
To punish disobedience, from me. If you
Be slack in loving him, my ghost shall never rest
In peace; and when I next appear, a thousand furies
Will come along, and in your sight torment me,
Past what a mortall can imagin, if not for love
Of him, for love of me. Be pittifull, and free me
From an endless misery. Go to my Tomb,
Where daily you shall finde him weeping:
There make an offer of your selfe, in recompence
Of all his sufferings; this done, you may be happy.
But if refus'd, the height of misery will fall upon you,
To me, perpetuall torment; remember,
On me perpetuall torment.

Luc. Stay, stay, and hear me.

Phil. My time is past, remember lasting torment. [*Ex.*

Luc. 'Tis vanish'd, cruell ghost, that dost conjure me,

Thus

Thus unkindly to forſake my firſt love, inconſtancy's a vice,
They do not love at all, that can love twice.
'Tis to me impoſſible, which if I do it not, I ſhall be miſerable.
And in doing it, I ſhall be ſo too; then 'tis indifferent:
Oh no, I ſhall releaſe from miſery,
And happy make the ghoſt of *Philanthus*;
That thought alone o'recomes me. (*Recorders*)
Strange friendſhip when the ghoſt of him that's dead,
Shall for the living with ſuch reaſon's plead. *Exit.*

Enter the two Courtiers.

1. Where is the Prince? is he yet ſo tranſported with ſorrow?

2. I ne're ſaw man ſo torment himſelfe. 'Tis true, *Philanthus*
Deſerv'd to have as many tears ſhed for him,
As any Prince that liv'd, but yet, that being paſt,
And ſorrow fruitleſſe, me-thinks the ſorrow ſhould grow leſſe.

1. If it be poſſible, it does receive increaſe.
Some ſay, the Princeſſe *Aurelia* bears a part too.

2. Wheres the old Duke? followed his children to the Tomb
Of *Philanthus*: Never ſuch a ſorrow ſeen in *Millain*.

1. In duty we are bound to wait upon them,
Both with our perſons and our ſorrow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Agenor.

Age. Me-thinks this ſacred ground, that does contain
The body of my friend, ſhould open it ſelf,
And give me leave once more to embrace him,
If his dear ghoſt be 'concil'd; and if it hate me,
Why ſhould not then the earth, in friendſhip
To its now inhabitants, gape wide and ſwallow me
Alive, for my baſe act? How often have the gods
Made even the inſenſible elements, the executioners

Of

Of their justice, against a murtherer, and a more
Hatefull one was never performed: murder'd my friend,
Oh base! and such a friend, that even in death
Expresst himselfe above my malice. The wound
This sword hath made in his noble & undefenc'd breast
Was only like a vent to a full vessell,
That so the stream of his unequall love might finde
The freeer passage. Why should I live then, to be the hatefull,
And contemn'd example of ingratitude, to all posterity?
And I will daily sacrifice my sorrowes and my tears
Upon his Tombe, 'twill not serve. Were I a woman,
Water might wash my guilt off; but as I am a man,
A manly sacrifice must expiate my fault.
Blood must be satisfied with blood. *Philanthus*,
Receive this sacrifice, I will revenge the murder.

Enter the two Courtiers.

1. Deer my Lord, what would ye do?

Age. Nothing, why do ye hinder?
Who made you my controulers?

2. Heaven forbid, that we should suffer you.

Age. For friendship sake, give me my sword, why should you
Keep me here to torment me? in death I should find ease.
If any of you had a minde to die, and knew 'twould be for your content,
Think you I would be so discourteous to disturb you?
You need not hold me, you may give me freedom,
Now I have no weapon, you cannot hinder me to weep
These cursed eyes out; by whose false lights,
false to my soul, came in that beauty of *Lucinda*,
Whose violence working by jealousie, forced me
To murder my dearest dearest friend. Pardon love,
I have blasphem'd against thy deity, for which I know,
His Ghost will hate me more then for his wounds.

Enter Aurelia *and* Miranthe.

Aur. Hence hypocrite, doſt thou not fear his wounds
Should ope themſelves, and bleed his ſearcloath (through,
At thy approach.

Age. Sifter, you cannot pronounce words half ſo harſh
As I deſerve, nor tax me with a guilt ſo great,
But I'le acknowledge more, but not the ſame
Which you accuſe me of: For, were the ſorrow
Of the world joyn'd in one for *Philanthus*,
Mine might be thought a worthy rivall,
Nay, exceed that far.

Aur. Oh *Philanthus*.

Age. But ſiſter, you, why you, why do you ſeem to (grieve
Thus, that in his life ſhewed ſuch contempt?

Aur. Oh brother, brother, ſeeking to deceive and blinde the world,
I have ruin'd and undone my ſelfe, the heavens
Are witneſſes, that *Philanthus* to me was more
Then father, you, and all the world. Then give me
Leave alone to grieve, ſince all griefes elſe are
but like drops to the vaſt Ocean.

Age. Siſter, the Ocean hath his bounds, though large,
But my ſorrow, like to his love, for whom I grieve,
Muſt be beyond all limits, but his deſert,
The cauſe of my affliction.

Aur. Philanthus, Philanthus. But what are words, or ſighes, or tears,
But weak expreſſions? let a dead ſilence rather ſhow,
They grieve not much, that can expreſſe their woe.

Enter Duke.

1. Sir, your father.

Age. Here, here.

1. Madam, the Duke.

Aur. Lov'd *Philanthus*, I know he did, and ſo did I,
Though I diſſembled, dearly I loved him; if there be charity

In

In you, open his tomb, that I may make his body know,
By kiſſing his pale lips, that I did love him,
More then he did me; his ſpirit's already
Satisfied, I know, elſe it would haunt me.

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. You twins of ſorrow, that ſtrive with eagerneſſe,
Which ſhould be thought the trueſt mourner, make
For one, whoſe actions have in point of love, (room
Outgone your airie words.

Age. I know that voice, *Lucinda.*

Luc. For which of you, after the killing of a much lov'd
For then I thought *Adraſtus* dead, became (brother,
Enamoured of his murderer, as I did of *Philanthus?*
Or which of you forſook your honours, or your ſtate,
Becomming like to me, a ſtragling Gipſie,
Forced to it, by a greater feeling of his merit,
Than ever touched your heart, purſuing him
In that diſguiſe, even when to hope the leaſt requitall
Had been madneſſe? and yet I muſt give proof
Beyond all theſe, when I have offered ſome
Few tears upon his Tombe.

Aur. Lucinda, for ſuch I know your name is, how would it vex me,
To hear you boaſt your love thus of *Philanthus*,
Were he alive; and yet I ſhould have gloried much,
To be by him preferred before ſo excellent a Lady
As your ſelfe: But ſince unkind brother,
But worſe friend, hath by his raſh hand, inrich'd
The Tombe, with what we both ſhould ſtrive for, let' joyne
In ſorrow, and from our moumfull eyes by turnes,
Drop tears, till by continuall motion, this hard
And unkinde Marble, may yield us paſſage to him,
Which it now denies.
And ſo at laſt we by our tears ſhall gain,
What now by prayers we cannot obtain.

Duk. My dear children, why do you yield to sorrow thus,
Where there's no hope of remedy? I am a partner
In your griefe; you know that *Philanthus* was as
Dear to me as any; but since I know I cannot
Raise him to life by weeping, why should I
Shew my self a child, and mourn in vain?

Enter Adrastus.

Adr. How, my Sister here, and mourning o're the Tomb
Of *Philanthus*, 'tis impossible, she never saw him.

Age. You are deceived, Sir, be your own witnesse.

Adr. 'Tis she. Degenerate from my blood, weep for
Enemy. Save you, Lady. (mine

Luc. Brother, I know you wonder much to see me
But more, that I lament thus for a man, (here;
Which you believe I knew not.

Adr. I do, I see the great love that you profest to me,
Was wholly counterfeit.

Luc. Rather your vertues, brother, are not what I
But love however's my excuse. (thought 'm

Age. Oh *Philanthus*!

Luc. Ha! me-thought the spirit of *Philanthus* spoke from his Tomb,
Chiding my slackness in performing his will; did it not,

Age. Not that I heard. (Sir?

Luc. His ghost appeared to me in dead of night,
And cruelly commanded me thus to present my self
Before his Tomb, a gift unto the Prince *Agenor*,
From his dead friend.

Age. How! do you mock me?

Luc. Which, though unwillingly, I here perform,
Much more to satisfie my promise to his ghost,
Than to requite your love; and yet, noble
Sorrow may be accounted merit.

Age. Strange ghost!

Adr.

Adr. How?

Age. Madam, till now, my thoughts were in the grave with *Philanthus*,
His ſpirit it ſeemes, knowing my hearty ſorrow and repentance
Labour'd to make me happy in your love:
And I receive you with a joy above
What any tongue is able to expreſſe.

Adr. This makes for my advantage, and is it poſſible, *Aurelia* may return to love me, *Philanthus*
Being dead. Who's here, the Knight that fought with me?
Theſe Armes are ominous.

Enter Philanthus *and the Moor.*

Duk. Come from the Tomb, *Agenor*, leave this ſorrow.

Age. Sir, I'le obey you for this time; but after, daily offer up
Tears of joy and ſorrow, in which Scene I ſtill
Muſt be an actor.

Duk. *Aurelia*, be not wilfull.

Aur. Thus all forſake me, no companions in my ſorrow left,
And I do glory in it.

Phil. Sir, by your gratious favour: Lady, why weep you thus?

Aur. Ha! what are you ſo ignorant, that does not know the cauſe?

Phil Do you know me then, the large expreſſion that
You made me of your reſpects, I might ſay love,
Made me believe, I ſhould not be ſo ſoon forgot.

Aur. Pardon me, Sir, I took you for this Knight then, for whom I now
Weep, whoſe body lies here in this Tomb, from whence
I do not mean to part; pray leave me, Sir. How got

This

This Knight theſe Armes, they are the ſame *Philanthus* wore.

Phil. Lady, you grieve for one, does not deſerve this ſorrow;
Behold in me a worthier ſervant, who now am come to claim
Performance of your ſo large promiſes. Point not to that,
I beat him whilſt he lived, and from him took theſe Armes.

Age. Traitor Knight, thou lieſt; no, thou didſt rather
Play the thiefe, and ſteal them, which I will
Make thee confeſſe, elſe offer thee a
Sacrifice upon his Tombe.

Phil. In theſe Armes I overcame *Adraſtus*.

Age. Thou lieſt, and ſhalt not live to injure thus
The dead; know, 'twas *Philanthus* by all the gods,
And this is.

Phil. *Philanthus*, your ſervant. [*diſcovers himſelf.*

Age. Ha! is't poſſible.

Phil. Be not amazed, but truſt your eyes.

Age. How can this be?

Phil. You being wilfull and enraged, I rather
Ventured to receive one wound, and ſo ſeem ſlain,
Than in your death to loſe a friend, a Miſtreſſe,
And my own life too; but life would have bin hateſull
After your loſs, if I could have preſerv'd it.

Moor. But mark his love, while his wounds yet bled;
(For to my charge, you know, you did commit
The body) He ſtudied to make you happy
In my Ladie's love, which was effected, by playing
His own ghoſt, whilſt I did in his Armes,
With you ſupply his place; how eaſie 'twas
To coſen you, and thoſe you ſent, by filling
The Coffin with ſome trath, having my brother

To

To assist me in it, the dullest may conceive.
For my part, I was glad to raise my Mistresse to a grea-
At least, if not a better fortune in (ter
The Princes love.
Age. Madam, I hope you will not make his labour fruitless.
Luc. It were in vain to cross the will of heaven, which seemes
To have ordained *Philanthus* for your worthier sister.
Phil. It lay not in my power till now, by reason of my wounds,
To keep my promise truly; but now, behold
Me ready to receive.
Aur. Me, as a recompence for all your sufferings; no other punishment.
Age. Sir, we are joyn'd, and do mean to grow toge-
If you do not severe us. (ther,
Duk. Enjoy your wishes both. *Adrastus*,
For your sisters sake I wish your friendship.
Adr. Pardon the faults that grew from love to *Aure-*
And I shall study your advancement. (*lia*,
Luc. Brother, be better then you have been.
Adr. Which to begin, I give my selfe again
A servant to fair *Miranthe*, whose love, I know,
Not malice, cross'd me in my love to *Aurelia*.
Mir. I'le none, I thank you;
You that forsook me, aiming at a greater
Now offer'd I refuse, hoping a better.

Enter old Gudgen and young Gudgen.

Y. G. Old man, I say to thee, be proud, and eke rejoyce, to see thy hopefull son salute the Duke in triumph, and by him resaluted like to an Emperator.
Duk. Away rididulous asse.
Y. G. Did not I tell you?
Duk. Get you into the Country to your sheep and oxen,

oxen, thoſe you feed well, will like your company, here your Favouritſhip is growne ſtale; the Court is not ſo barren, but it brings forth daily ſome new humour, which at firſt is pleaſant, but after, like to yours, grows tedious.

O. G. Why, ſon, is this your gracing?

Y. G. The envy of ſome Politick hath done this.

Duk. See all things ſtraight prepared to ſolemnize
The happy marriages of theſe, in whom,
Friendſhip and love ſtrove for a name;
In you love, in you friendſhip overcame. *Florish. Exeunt.*

O. G. Come, ſon, come, after the loſs of all our mony, let's e'ne go home, and be wiſer once, never too old to learn.

Y. G. I, Father, but I am too young yet. Well, I will be a favourit for all this; I, ſo it ſhall be. Gentlemen, I mean to make a petition to the Duke, which I muſt intreat you to ſet your hand to, being the beſt judges of my ability; and thus it is:

That ſince to be a worthy minion I'me not fit,
Yet I may be the chiefe fool-Favourit.

FINIS.